

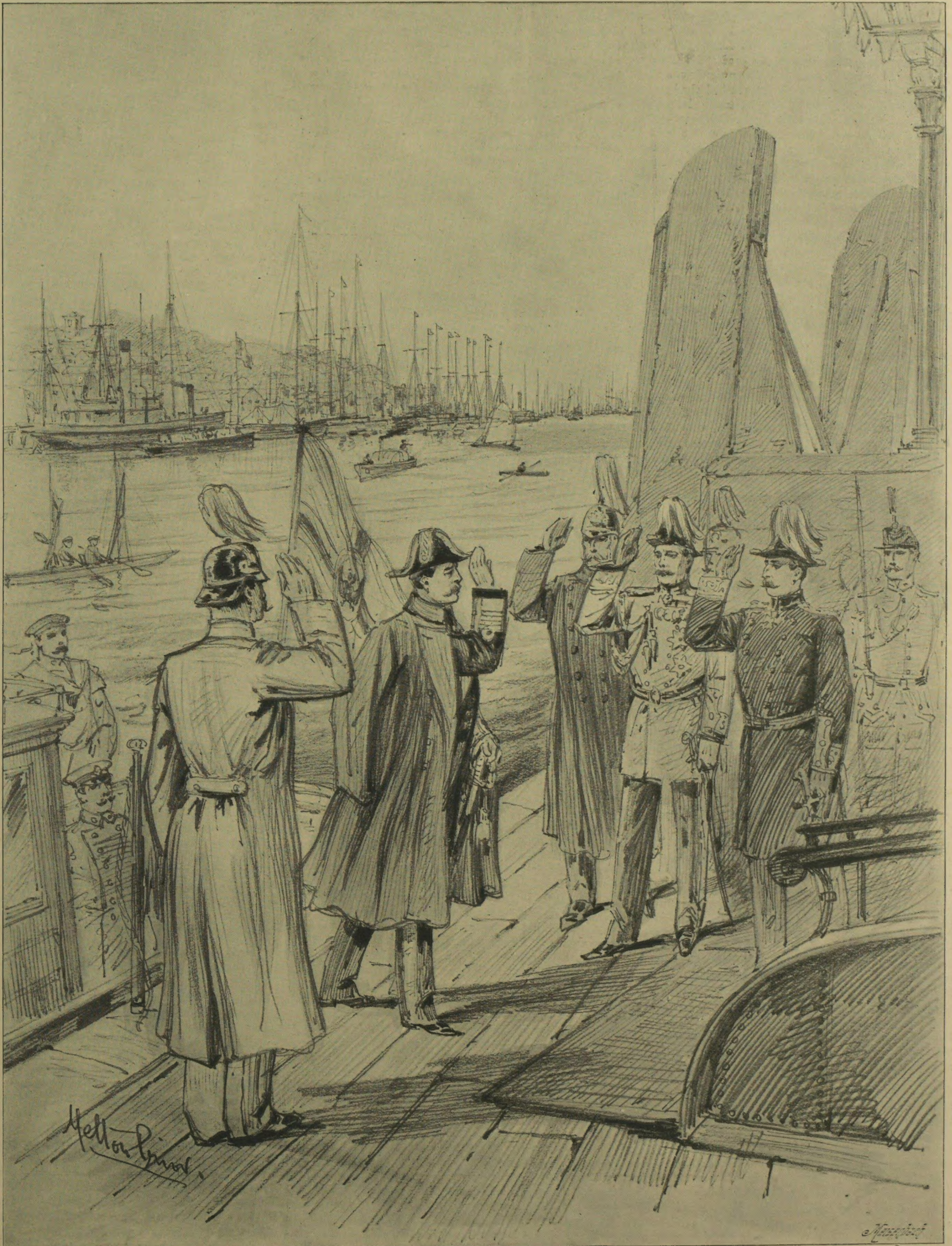
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ARRIVAL OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT COWES.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The discovery made by the *Denver Times* that the Cornell crew were "hoccussed" at Henley, and thereby prevented from winning the principal prize, is most interesting, and proves the superior ability of the American mind to detect what (in other countries) is amiss. There is reason to believe that this admirable example of detective instinct will soon be followed by other disclosures. One may hint, without breach of confidence, that at least one case of scuttling will be brought home to a (hitherto) highly respected Oxford college. As three and a half of the opposite crew (for the coxswain was one of the victims) were drowned on the occasion in question, the influence of the whole University had to be strained to keep the matter secret. It is said that no less than a hundred thousand dollars found their way to the pockets of the survivors. On the eve of the University race the boats, as is well known, are guarded by a detachment of Life Guards, but no precaution can prevail against the greed and chicanery that are such marked features of these conflicts. The boats are always tampered with, not particularly by one University or the other, but by both, and on the last occasion it is pretty well understood that the Cambridge men were (by some ingenious application, it is thought, of cobbler's wax) debarred from the advantage of their sliding seats. For an oar to break (apparently, of course, by accident) while the contest is proceeding is an ordinary occurrence, and one which is very well remunerated. A "University oar" is a person always spoken of in England with much admiration, and no wonder: he has the opportunity of making between 10,000 and 15,000 dollars before he is twenty-five years of age. It is the fashion to write of the good feeling and geniality that exist between the crews, but this is, of course, mere bogus sentiment. They dine together, indeed, after the race, and there is an appearance of good-fellowship kept up, but there is a great deal of gouging after the festivity, and it is rare to meet anyone who has been a guest for the second or third time at a University race dinner with his proper complement of eyes. If this is the way matters are conducted among Britishers themselves, one may easily imagine that citizens of the United States who venture to take part in what is humorously termed "International Sport" have no very high time of it. The Cornell crew, as they did not succeed in winning anything, were allowed to return unharmed, but if they had gained any success there would probably not have been nine of them to boast of it.

If an American eleven should go over to England and beat (as they infallibly would) the Marylebone Club, they would have but small chance (to judge from the sort of mob one sees at Lord's at the Eton and Harrow match) of leaving the ground alive. Similarly, a football team from across the Atlantic would share the fate that is now awarded to the referee. These incidents, however, are but suppositions, though based on trustworthy data. Let us proceed to facts. It is an open secret that at the last international chess match the foreign delegates were put *hors de combat* on the last day by the abstraction of their chess-men, which were stolen and, with a sinister appropriateness, pawned; and we have seen no denial of the method by which Rufus Coriolanus Bang, U.S., was incapacitated from winning the lawn-tennis match at Wimbledon. His leg was broken at the commencement in consequence of his court having been made slippery by a hand that was doubtless well greased beforehand by his competitors. Further disclosures will doubtless be made from the same trustworthy source which will occasion no little surprise in the sporting world.

A letter from Chicago informs us that "a distinguished figure in its civic history [Mrs. O'Leary] has been removed to the region of romance," which is a novel method of stating that the lady in question is dead. Like other—though only a few—historical characters, she was very unwilling to talk of the incident which has earned her undying fame. "She was a self-respecting woman, and dime museums offered her fortunes in vain; her scorn of them was only equalled by her scorn of reporters, all intercourse with whom she steadily refused." Even now that she is removed to the region aforesaid, "her children are true to the lessons she taught them, and assert in the face of known facts that she only came over from Ireland a few years ago." Yet it was in 1871 that the great city of Chicago was burnt to the ground in consequence of Mrs. O'Leary's cow having kicked over its petroleum lamp. "Never," says our informant (in the *Critic*), "has anyone more persistently rejected fame."

There may be some matters amiss with the municipal affairs of New York, but there is at least one matter greatly to its credit, and which London might imitate to advantage. Street noises and discords that inconvenience our neighbours are there not tolerated. The Health Board, which has the management of these things, forbids all noises that are made in "the startled ear of night." After ten o'clock invalids and children are not liable to have their rest disturbed, as happens here, even by a dog's howl! If they are, a notice is at once served on the dog's owner. In this country any selfish citizen may keep crowing cocks and howling dogs, because to stop it would be "to interfere with the liberty of the subject." In the Great Republic,

liberty—so far, at least, as discords are concerned—is better understood.

A correspondent, who has been harried, though not heckled, at the recent election, has favoured me with some personal experiences, which he depicts as "almost too horrible to be described"; but he is not so well acquainted as I am with the public taste for horrors, and as he is gone abroad "to recruit" and tells me that he "shall not look at a newspaper for the next six weeks," I venture to retail them. He is a person of great possessions in divers parts of the United Kingdom, or, as he modestly puts it, "my little property is in several baskets," and has votes in half-a-dozen counties. "This is the kind of letter," he says, "which I have been in the habit of receiving for the last fortnight, and all marked 'Immediate,' with their contents italicised like a six-lined whip—

Dear Sir,—I venture to call your attention to the fact that the election for Loamshire is for such and such a date in July, and to appeal to you to record your vote on that day in my favour. My reception throughout the division has been most enthusiastic, and if every out-voter who wishes me to be elected gives me his support we shall secure a triumph for our cause that will not soon be forgotten. I say unhesitatingly that our victory or defeat may depend on YOU. Therefore, I beg of you to let nothing interfere with your appearance at the poll on the day of election. Thanking you in anticipation, I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

ROGER WANTSETT.

This is a moderate specimen of my electioneering correspondence.

"I am by some candidates adjured 'to save my country while there is yet time,' that is, on the date indicated, and 'earn the gratitude of unborn generations.' This sort of thing is not disagreeable, and flatters one's self-importance, but the appeals are often too metaphorical: it is ridiculous to ask a man at my time of life and sedentary habits to 'help to build a wall against the encroachments of tyranny,' or to 'throw myself into the breach' (as if I were a sandbag) 'to stay the advancing tide.' As for 'standing by the helmsman in the coming storm,' that is sheer nonsense; I can never stand, nor even sit, in a storm at sea, while as for encouraging the official in question, which, it seems, I am expected to do, on all the ships with which I am familiar (though mostly, I admit, excursion steamers) it is expressly forbidden to speak to the man at the wheel. On one point all these gentlemen are agreed—namely, that I am to come and vote for them 'at all costs,' by which they mean 'at my cost.' Loamshire, for example, was a long way off, and the going thither entailed a night at an hotel. Of course, if it had been to save the country I would not have grudged the fiver; and the intimation that the victory would depend solely on myself could hardly be disregarded. But I confess when Mr. Wantsett came in by two thousand votes, I wished his majority had been smaller." The arguments in favour of "one man one vote" have probably never been so forcibly stated; it is so unusual to hear of anyone who has got more than he wants.

I wonder how many young gentlemen—and even old ones—there are going about in society who have "popped the question" to young ladies whom they meet more or less constantly, and have been rejected. The proper observation, I understand, for the lady to make after this painful and delicate duty has been performed is, "But I trust we shall remain friends." The man may shake his head and mutter, "Friends be hanged!" but there is no help for it. As they move in the same set they cannot avoid meeting one another, and, of course, in a friendly way. It is only in a very much lower rank in society that the rejected one swears no other man shall have his beloved object, and buys a second-hand revolver to prevent it. But just at first it must be very embarrassing, and there is probably always a certain queer feeling between them, as of a semi-attached couple who might have been one for life but for that monosyllabic and scarcely articulate "No." As a matter of fact, she never does say "No," but wraps up the negative, as it were, in silver paper: "I respect and honour you, Mr. Jones" (who hoped to be called "Edwin"!)" "beyond everything, but what you ask can never be." It is unlikely that one's curiosity will, in this country, be gratified by a census of these unhappy swains; but in Texas there are hopes of it. A law, I read, has been passed in that locality (between which and a place unmentionable to ears polite it has been bitterly observed, doubtless by a rejected suitor, there is only a sheet of blotting-paper) that every unmarried man of thirty and upwards who cannot satisfy a committee that he has done his very best to enter into the state of matrimony is to be fined fifty dollars. His oath is in some cases to be taken; but there are some persons (in Texas) who cannot be believed even upon their oath. Then evidence has to be produced. Now, "popping the question" is like murder, inasmuch as there is rarely any witness to the operation; no testimony to the fact can be procured except that of the young person herself. The question arises, how many, if any of them, will be induced to come forward to save her rejected swain that fifty dollars? What interesting work will lie before that anticelibate committee, what "copy" if they happen to have an author among them! Perhaps the same young person

("in for a penny in for a pound") will give evidence in half-a-dozen cases. Her position may be a little embarrassing, but what a triumph to disclose all the victims to her bow and spear, though the Texas papers are dead certain to call them her scalps. One's fear is that in a country where a new profession for women is greatly desiderated, ladies will make a business of bailing out, so to speak, these involuntary bachelors, though they may not have rejected them at all: it would be a very smart thing to do.

The "Unco' Guid" have always been considered fair game by those whom they would not hesitate to call the wicked; and among the meannesses which have been imputed to them that of hypocrisy has generally been the chief. How far this imputation may be true I have no means of knowing, for my acquaintance has not lain much among the Unco' Guid. Still, one occasionally comes across them, and it seems to me that their peculiarities—to put it mildly—are exaggerated. The number of instances of the Mawworms of fiction appear to be out of all proportion to those of fact. In commerce they seem to be pretty numerous: the profession of high religious principle combined with the sharpest practice appears to be a taking bait with a certain class of share-buyers. They have probably never read Thomas Hood's conversation with the 'bus conductor whose employer had fallen a victim to a director of this class (though his "being so particular religious it ought to have put master on his guard"); but within my own experience I have never met with more than one example of it, who always struck me as a monstrosity; though, unhappily, he was thought by his friends (till they became his enemies) to be a specimen of humanity greatly above the average. It is therefore with a considerable pinch of salt that one accepts the character of Mr. Theodore Shelf in that exciting story, "Honour of Thieves," as a portrait drawn from life. It seems almost like an insult to one's common-sense that one should be asked to believe that the "president of twelve improvement societies" who is always preaching upon platforms and "picking out his captains and officers [he is a shipowner] with an eye to a holier purpose than that of business," should be giving his more serious attention to such matters as piracy and the scuttling of ships. As students of human nature, we would dearly like to meet with such an individual, but until we do so we may be excused for doubting his existence. However, here he is, in this story, as large as life, if not so natural, and no one can deny him a marked individuality.

For my part, I confess there is for me (in fiction) a certain attraction in an unmitigated scoundrel. I don't want him to have "redeeming qualities" and a "soft spot in his heart," and, to do him justice, Mr. Shelf's character has no such drawbacks. He is the real hero of the story, though Mr. Onslow is, I fancy, intended by the author for that rôle—an accomplished personage who, after having acquired half a million of money in the most flagitious manner, gives it all up anonymously, because a young person, who is, moreover, the sister of his first love—which is in intention breaking a law of his country—asserts that she can never share such ill-got gains. Why couldn't he keep all his money to himself, as many husbands do, and thereby evade her foolish scruples? One never likes to hear of good money being frittered away even in a story. It is fair to say, however, that, while in pursuit of the treasure, Mr. Onslow sticks at nothing (including manslaughter) to gain his ends, and gives not the slightest sign of moral weakness. With the exception of the heroine, indeed, one has scarcely a word to say on this account against any of the characters in "Honour of Thieves." Mrs. Shelf, in her way, is as bad as her husband, and Captain Owen Kettle, though certainly without the taint of hypocrisy, not much better. One, indeed, of the *dramatis personæ* leaves the stage without a stain upon his character—George—but he is a dog. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, as some may think them, the novel is interesting—what one may be well thankful for in these days, has no taint of uncleanness, and includes some admirable descriptions of scenery.

There are more ways of winning a wife than there are of losing one. A Leamington lover has, however, discovered a new one. The object of his affections admitted that she had "walked out" with his rival. Whereupon he threw himself into a canal—not very far, but with the water up to his neck. There he stood and swore if she did not promise to marry him he would go under. She hesitated, but, considering how very damp he had got, at last consented. The report does not say that she embraced him on coming to land. It was a bold step for him to take to the water, and one that, to quote a somewhat similar instance, might not have succeeded. A young lady in charge of the captain of a P. and O. boat had two suitors on board and a pug dog. The latter fell overboard, and one of her swains instantly jumped after it into the sea. The other confined himself to leaning over the side, and crying, "Poor doggie!" When the rescuer came on board, dripping, the young lady turned to the captain, and asked him which of her two lovers, after such an incident, he would recommend her to take. He was a practical man, and replied, "Take the dry one," which she accordingly did. The only instance of a wet lover being appreciated was that of Leander.

ECLOGUES OF ARCADY.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

XIX.—THE GREEN WOODPECKER.

We live so closely and familiarly with nature on the isolated hilltop where my cottage is perched that we often behold from our own drawing-room windows pretty rural sights which seem intensely strange to more town-bred visitors. A little while since, for example, I was amused at reading in an evening newspaper a lament by a really well-informed and observant naturalist on the difficulty of actually seeing the nightjar, or fern-owl, alight upon a tree, and stand, as is his wont, lengthwise, not transversely to the branch that bears him. Now, from our little bay lattice that doubling Thomas might see the weird bird nightly, not twenty yards off, the whole summer through, crooning its passionate song, full in view of our house, from a gnarled old fir-tree. So again this morning, at breakfast, we raised our eyes from the buttered eggs and coffee, and they fell at once on a big green woodpecker, creeping upward, after his fashion, along a russet-brown pine-trunk, not fifteen feet from the place at table where we were quietly sitting. One could make out with the naked eye the dark olive-green of his back, relieved by the brilliant crimson patch on his gleaming crown. For several minutes he stood there, clambering slowly up the tree, though we rose from our seats and approached quite close to the open window to examine him. When he turned his head, and listened intently after his tapping, with that characteristic air of philosophic inquiry which marks his species, the paler green of his under parts flashed for a second upon us; and when at last, having satisfied himself there was nothing astir under the bark of the stunted pine, he flew away to the next clump, we caught the glint of his wings and the red cap on his head in motion through the air with extraordinary distinctness.

The yaffle, as we call our red-headed friend in these parts, is one of the largest and handsomest of our woodland wild birds. About a foot in length, by the actual measurement, "from the end of his beak to the tip of his tail," he hardly impresses one at first sight with a sense of his full size because of his extreme concinnity and neatness of plumage. A practical bird, he is built rather for use than for vain gaudy display; for, though his colour is fine and evidently produced by many ages of æsthetic selection, he yet sedulously avoids all crests and top-knots, all bunches and bundles of decorative feathers protruding from his body, which would interfere with his solid and businesslike pursuit of wood-burrowing insects. How well built and how cunningly evolved he is, after, all for his special purpose! His feet are so divided into opposite pairs of toes—one couple pointing forward and the other backward—that he can easily climb even the smooth-barked beech-tree by digging his sharp claws into any chance inequality in its level surface. He alights head upward, and moves on a perpendicular plane as surely and mysteriously as a lizard. Nothing seems to puzzle him; the straightest trunk becomes as a drawing-room floor to his clinging talons. But in his climbing he is also aided not a little by his stiff and starched tail, whose feathers are so curiously rigid, like a porcupine's quills, that they enable him to hold on and support himself behind with automatic security. Long ancestral habit has made it in him "a property of easiness." A practised acrobat from the egg, he thinks nothing of such antics; and when he wishes to descend he just lets himself drop a little, like a sailor on a rope, sliding down head uppermost, and stopping himself when he wishes by means of his claws and tail, as the sailor stops himself by tightening his bent fingers and clinging legs round the cable he is descending.

But best of all I love to watch him tapping after insects. How wise he looks then, how intent, how philosophic! When he suspects a grub he hammers awhile at the bark; after which he holds his head most quaintly on one side with a quiet gravity that always reminds me of John Stuart Mill listening, all alert, to an opponent's argument and ready to pounce upon him. If a grub stirs responsive to the *tap, tap, tap* of his inquiring bill—if his delicate ear detects a cavity, as a doctor detects a weak spot in a lung with his prying stethoscope—in a second our bird has drilled a hole with that powerful augur his wedge-shaped beak, has darted out his long and extensible tongue, and has extracted the insect by means of its barbed and bristled tip. The whole of this mechanism, indeed, is one of the most beautiful examples I know of structures begotten by long functional use and perfected by the action of natural selection. It is not only that the bill is a most admirable and efficient boring instrument; it is not only that the tongue is capable of rapid and lightning-like protrusion; but further still, the barbs at its ends are all directed backward, like the points of a harpoon, while the very same muscles which produce the instantaneous forward movement of the tongue press at the same time automatically on two large salivary glands, which pour forth in response a thick and sticky secretion, not unlike bird-lime. The insect, once spotted, has thus no chance of escape; he is caught and devoured before he can say "Jack Robinson" in his own dialect.

But though the green woodpecker is so exceedingly practical and sensible a bird, built all for use and very little for show, he is not wholly devoid of those external adornments which are the result of generations of æsthetic preference. Dominant types always show these peculiarities. His ground-tone of green, indeed, serves, no doubt, a mainly protective function by enabling him to escape notice among the leaves of the woodland; and even on a tree-trunk he

harmonises so admirably with the tints around him that you may pass him by unobserved, on a hasty glance, if you are a benighted townsman. But his bright red cap is obviously decorative and alluring in intent; while his peculiar cry, commonly described as "the laugh of the yaffle," seems to act as a love-call for his expectant partner. Altogether, a gentleman who combines business with pleasure, this great green woodpecker: attentive to work, yet not wholly without interest in his personal appearance, and a dandy, in his way, among his native woodlands.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LATE MR. JOSEPH THOMSON.

Africa has claimed another victim from the dwindling band of explorers who have wrested the secrets of the "Dark Continent." And the life now sacrificed had long years before it ere the prime would have been reached. However, counting life by what a man has accomplished, Joseph Thomson was a veteran. Born at Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, in 1858, he passed from the village school to Edinburgh University, and thence direct to responsible work. The Royal Geographical Society's proposed expedition to the Central African Lakes in 1878 tempted him to volunteer his services as geologist. Bates "of the Amazons,"

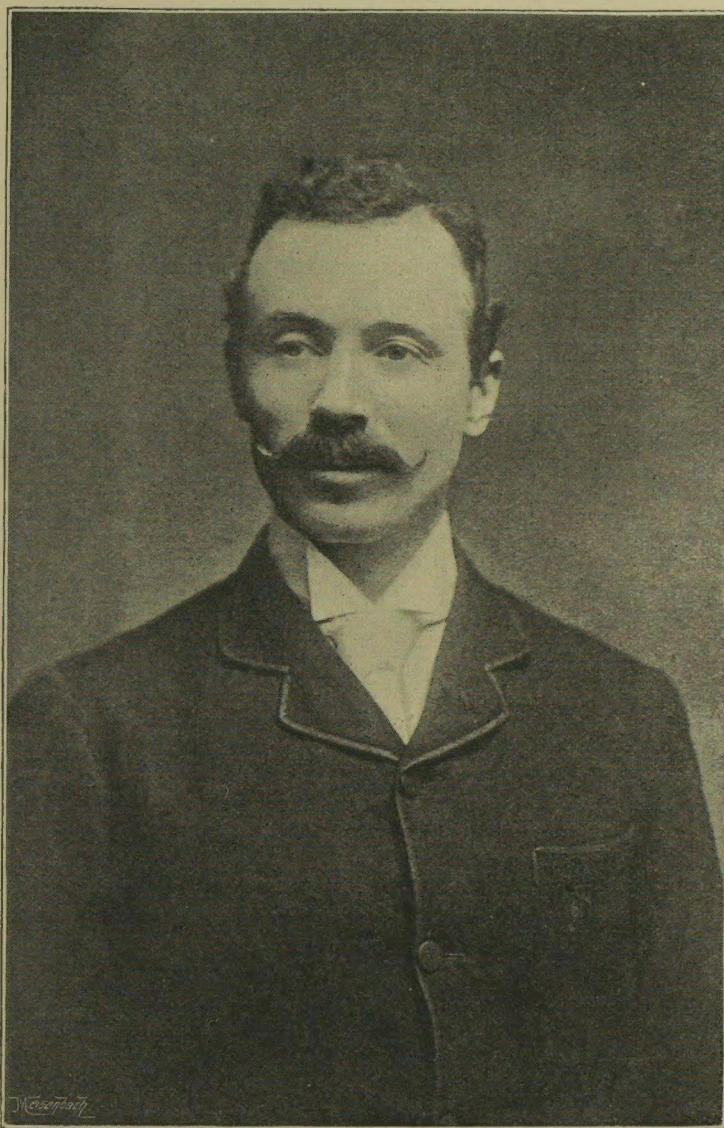


Photo by J. Thomson, Grosvenor Street, W.

THE LATE MR. JOSEPH THOMSON, F.R.G.S.

on whom the work of the society—especially in the choice of the right men—largely devolved, was struck with the tone of young Thomson's letter, sent for him and gave him the post. Scarcely had the expedition begun its work when its leader, Keith Johnston, died, and the command fell to Thomson. He quickly proved himself a born leader of men, and made the expedition an unqualified success. Lake Nyassa was reached from the north for the first time, and information gained respecting an immense area of country. But greater than the triumph of filling up blanks in a vast continent was the moral success of the young explorer in showing that battles and bloodshed are not, as he remarks in the preface to his story of the expedition, "the inevitable adjuncts" of such work. He reported faithful service on the part of his own men; he had "nothing but good to say of the natives." There were no warlike collisions between them, and he "never had occasion to fire a single shot either offensively or defensively." This humaneness marked every expedition that he afterwards commanded. In 1883 he marched into a veritable hornets' nest when entering the hitherto unexplored Masai country, but he brought home the same report of bloodless contact with tribes to whom war is the breath of life. Temperance in his men was fostered by temperance in himself; and he laughingly told how, on that most memorable of his journeys, he had taken a bottle of brandy in his stores and brought it back unopened. Thomson had utilised the interval between the two expeditions in the study of difficult African problems, an approach to the solution of which is possible only by long residence among the natives. Hence theory and practice render his books permanent contributions to the settlement of Africa's future. Towards this Thomson did no mean part when, in 1885, he acted as diplomatic agent of the Niger Company in the extension of British possessions as

far as Sokoto. But, unhappily, that curse of African travel, dysentery, had seized him when in Masai Land; and every expedition that he subsequently undertook, down to 1890, when he was dispatched by the British South Africa Company to negotiate treaties with the native chiefs in Northern Zambesi, left his splendid constitution the weaker. Shattered by a complication of diseases, he came home, as it seemed to his friends, to die; but in 1893 a health visit to the Cape, with offers of employment there, renewed the flagging spirit. But his troubles were too deep-seated, and he returned home to pass away under the roof of an old friend on August 2. Cheerful, modest, brave, and humane, Thomson will live in the memories of those who knew him; while in the records whose names embrace those of Bruce and Mungo Park and Livingstone he has honourable place. A pleasing assessment of him was given some years ago by Mr. J. M. Barrie in his sketches, entitled "An Edinburgh Eleven"; while Thomson's own works in recording his personal relations with the various native African tribes unconsciously portray the man himself in his greatness and gentleness.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT COWES.

Once more Great Britain gladly welcomes the German Emperor. Amid weather which was anything but royal, the *Hohenzollern* steamed into Cowes Roads punctually to the appointed time on Monday afternoon, Aug. 5. A holiday crowd, whose enthusiasm the showers of rain had failed to damp, greeted his Majesty with cheers as he landed at Trinity House pier. A company of the Scottish Rifles was drawn up to receive the Emperor, who was dressed in the uniform of a British Admiral, and wore the Star of the Garter. The Duke of Connaught greeted his relative with evident pleasure, and then he and the Emperor drove off to Osborne. The four German aides-de-camp attracted almost as much attention as their master, for they are exceptionally fine-looking men, one being almost the tallest officer in the German army. Shortly before the Emperor's arrival, Lord Salisbury was recognised by the crowd, and was accorded a very warm greeting as he set off for Osborne, where he dined with the Queen. The weather in the Isle of Wight improved on the following day; our imperial guest was accordingly able to enjoy himself more than on the day of his arrival. The Emperor is looking exceedingly well, and is evidently glad to be in English waters once more. He proposes soon to be the guest of the Earl of Lonsdale at Lowther Castle, where great preparations have been made for his visit.

THE LATE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL KEITH FRASER.

Not many weeks after the death of Sir Charles Craufurd Fraser, his brother, Lieutenant-General James Keith Fraser, C.M.G., has died. The gallant officer had commenced a short cruise on board the Marquis of Ormonde's steam-yacht *Mirage* when he was suddenly taken ill, and passed away before medical aid could be obtained from the shore. The General was the third son of the late Sir James John Fraser (who served in the Peninsula and was present at the Battle of Waterloo), and was born in 1832. He joined the Army at the age of twenty, and served as Sir E. Lyons' orderly officer on the successful expedition to Kinbourn three years later. Having obtained his company in 1857, his next war service was in Italy. During the Franco-German War his valour on behalf of the wounded obtained a gold medal for him from the President of the French Republic. He became Lieutenant-Colonel in 1872, commanding the 1st Life Guards. The successive steps in Keith Fraser's career were: Colonel in 1877; Adjutant-General and Quarter-master-General at Aldershot, 1882-83; Major-General in 1886, in which year he received the Companionship of St. Michael and St. George; Military Attaché at Vienna, Bucharest and Belgrade, from 1885 to 1890; Commander of the Dublin district, 1890-91, after which he was appointed Inspector-General of Cavalry, and Lieutenant-General in 1893. The attachment between the late Sir C. C. Fraser and General Keith Fraser was pathetically close, and the death of the former undoubtedly robbed the surviving brother of his chief interest in life. His health had latterly been very fragile, and his large circle of friends were hardly surprised at the sudden death of the General. He married, in 1865, Miss Amelia Alice Julia Ward, eldest daughter of the Hon. Humble Dudley Ward, by whom he leaves two sons and a daughter. One son has already sustained the reputation of the Frasers for bravery by winning the Royal Humane Society's bronze medal.

CHAMOIS-DRIVING.

That great mediæval sportsman, the Emperor Maximilian, knew full well the joy of chamois-driving, of which our Illustrations give some idea. Of him many stories are told, showing the intense love he had for adventures. The Styrian Alps provide plenty of opportunity for the modern sportsman to equal or eclipse the deeds of the daring Emperor. But patience needs to be exercised in driving the expert chamois, and on some days thirty shots may result in no reward to the gun. It is picturesque to meet a group of keepers attired in national costume, and their enthusiasm might well inspire the most timid sportsman.



HUMOURS OF THE ELECTIONS.

THE MISSES TIFFIN: *What does Unionism really mean, Mr. Gosling?*

THE REV. GIDEON GOSLING: *Unionism means union of a mighty nation, union of national interests, and [waxing eloquent], ladies and gentlemen, union of hearts.*

THE MISSES TIFFIN: *Oh, Mr. Gosling, we are Unionists!*

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, accompanied by the Duchess of Connaught and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, was visited on Sunday, Aug. 4, by the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales; the Duke of Connaught also had come from Aldershot. On Friday, the 2nd, her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and by the Duke of York, held a private investiture of the Orders of the Bath, the Star of India, the Indian Empire, and St. Michael and St. George, to confer the honours of Knight Grand Cross and of Knight Commander upon a number of gentlemen presented to her for their official services.

The Emperor William II., on board the imperial steam-yacht *Hohenzollern*, from the Elbe, arrived at Cowes on Monday, Aug. 5, joining the Royal Yacht Squadron there, and was greeted by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, who came on board his Majesty's yacht from the royal yacht *Osborne*. The Duke of Connaught, in the pinnace of the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, went out to meet his Majesty, who landed with him at East Cowes Pier, wearing the uniform of an English admiral, and went to visit the Queen at Osborne House. The Emperor and Prince Henry of Prussia, commanding the German naval squadron in Cowes Roads, dined with her Majesty and the royal family. Lord Salisbury, the Earl of Lathom, and the Marquis and Marchioness of Ormonde were among the Queen's guests at dinner. The German ships of war at Cowes are the *Kurfürst Friedrich Wilhelm*, flag-ship of Vice-Admiral Koster, the *Brandenburg*, the *Weissenburg*, and the *Wörth*, with the *Jagd* dispatch-boat. On Aug. 6, the anniversary of the battle of Wörth in 1870, the Emperor went on board the ship of that name, to join in a commemorative celebration.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Duke of York and their daughters, on Saturday, Aug. 3, visited Southampton to open the new graving dock constructed by the London and South-Western Railway Company.

The sailing matches of the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta at Cowes began on Tuesday, Aug. 6, with the race for the Queen's Cup, which was won by the Prince of Wales's yacht *Britannia*, the other yachts entered, including the German Emperor's yacht *Meteor*, refusing to start on account of the strong westerly breeze. His Majesty and Prince Henry of Prussia, as well as the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, dined in the evening with the Royal Yacht Squadron Club.

The title of Viscount Llandaff of Hereford is assumed by the Right Hon. Henry Matthews on his elevation to the Peerage, while Lord Knutsford becomes Viscount Knutsford, and Sir Henry James is created a peer as Baron James of Hereford.

Parliament assembles on Monday, Aug. 12, when the House of Commons will elect the Speaker, and proceed with the necessary business during a short Session.

Mr. Gladstone, on Tuesday, Aug. 6, made an earnest and impressive speech at a meeting, over which the Duke of Westminster presided, at the Town Hall of Chester, to protest against the hideous massacres and cruelties perpetrated in Armenia, and to support the action of the British, French, Russian, and United States Governments in demanding redress from that of the Turkish Empire, which he described as "an intolerably bad Government, perhaps the worst on the face of the earth." The right honourable gentleman's speech, which was about an hour long, did not contain one word that could be disparaging to Lord Salisbury's Ministry, or that could imply any doubt of its readiness to do all that is possible in this matter, conjointly with the other Great Powers of Europe, which have, under the Treaties of 1856 and 1878, an indisputable right to enforce upon Turkey the establishment of direct control by a Commissioner of their own appointment for the protection of the Christian races inhabiting those provinces of the Sultan's empire. He dwelt upon the facts proved with regard to the Sassoun massacres and outrages of last September by the investigations of the Special Commission in the localities where they took place, and the evidence collected by Dr. Dillon, special commissioner of the *Daily Telegraph*, finding that not only the savage Kurds, but also the Turkish soldiers, took part in those atrocious misdeeds, and that the Turkish police and tax-gatherers were aiding and abetting them. The Bishop of Chester, Lord Kenyon, the Rev. Canon MacColl, the Rev. Dr. Clifford, and Mr. F. S. Stevenson, M.P., took part in this meeting.

The International Geographical Congress at the Imperial Institute ended its sittings on Saturday, Aug. 3, under the presidency of Mr. Clements Markham, President of the Royal Geographical Society of London. It was resolved that the next Congress should be held in 1899, at Berlin. The garden-party at the Imperial Institute, on July 30, was a pleasant opportunity for recreation. The most important practical result of this year's Congress has been the unanimous resolution, adopted on Aug. 1, recommending

the scientific exploration of the Antarctic regions, upon which subject an interesting statement was made by Mr. Borchgrevink, narrating the expedition of the steamer *Antarctic*, from Melbourne, Sept. 1894 to Feb. 1895, as far as south latitude 74 deg. and in longitude 175 deg., and westward along the coast of Victoria Land to Cape Adair and Possession Island, reached by Sir James Ross half a century ago. The Royal Geographical Society had its annual dinner, to which many foreign guests were invited.

The British Medical Association concluded its sixty-third annual meeting, presided over by Sir J. Russell Reynolds, M.D., President of the Royal College of Physicians, on Friday, Aug. 2; and in the evening a conversazione took place at the house of the Royal College of Physicians in Pall Mall East, attended by about fifteen hundred persons. On the first day, July 30, there was a special service at St. Paul's, with a sermon by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

A bust of Sir Whitaker Ellis, the first Mayor of Richmond (in 1890), and donor of the site of the Town Hall, was unveiled on July 30 by the Duchess of Teck, in the presence of a company of townsfolk and of the present mayor, aldermen, and councillors of that borough. It has

India, has gone out on a preliminary cruise, to reassemble at Berehaven.

Several members of Parliament for divisions of East London are taking up the complaints officially addressed to the London County Council with regard to the deficient supply of water by the East London Water Company. They are preparing to address Major-General Scott, R.E., the Water Examiner of the Local Government Board, on this urgent question.

The Board of Trade emigration returns for the month of July show a large increase, 22,153, compared with 16,000 in the corresponding month of last year, in the numbers of persons who left the United Kingdom, of whom 16,214 have gone to the United States. The foreigners, not English or Irish, were nearly 8000. In the seven past months of the present year 99,516 persons of British or Irish origin have emigrated, and 41,476 foreigners, to be compared with 76,806, altogether, in the corresponding seven months of last year.

The report of the Committee of Council on Education for the past year shows that the amount of annual grants to day-schools has risen to nearly four millions sterling, £3,926,641, besides £91,540 for evening schools, an increase of £181,000. The number of scholars on the registers amounts to 5,198,941, the average attendance 4,225,834.

A small recreation-ground for dock-labourers in the Isle of Dogs, opposite Greenwich, adjacent to the West India Docks, has been provided by the joint action of the London County Council and the Poplar Board of Works, laid out with paths, and fitted with a gymnasium, at a cost of £10,700. It was opened on Saturday, Aug. 3, by Mr. W. Crooks, Chairman of the District Parks Sub-Committee, with Mr. Sydney Buxton, M.P., Mr. John Burns, M.P., Mr. McDougall, and other promoters of the object.

At the Auchenarvie Colliery, near Saltcoats, in Scotland, on Friday, Aug. 2, the sudden flooding of the pit with water caused a sad disaster. Fourteen men were imprisoned in the workings, and the air becoming foul, it was feared they must die. Five were rescued on Sunday, and efforts were still continued, but with little hope of saving the nine other lives.

August Bank Holiday was marred by an awful accident to a lady aeronaut at Peterborough, who, jumping from her balloon, was killed by falling on her head. Surely the law, which is so often employed to punish attempts at suicide, should likewise prevent these deplorable risks to human life. At a firework display in Preston Park, Brighton, an explosion during the evening resulted in injuries to sixteen persons. There were also, unfortunately, the usual boating accidents which follow the trips of inexperienced holiday-makers. The many thousands who travelled by rail were after all the safest of excursionists, which is a remarkable testimony to the skill and care exercised by railway companies.

Advices from Constantinople state that at the French and Russian Embassies the reply of the Porte to the scheme of reform presented by the Powers is not considered satisfactory. The opinion of both Embassies is that the reply is not acceptable, and that the Powers, having gone so far in the question, must continue their efforts to secure acquiescence in their proposals. It appears that neither France nor Russia has any intention of separating herself from Great Britain at this juncture.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the battles of Spichern and Wörth, which caused the retreat of the French forces to the Moselle and the complete defeat of Marshal MacMahon's army by the late Emperor Frederick, then the Crown Prince Frederick William, was celebrated in Germany on Aug. 1. At Frankfurt-on-the-Oder a parade of the whole garrison was held. At Weimar the German victories were commemorated by a meeting in front of the Warriors' Monument. At Cassel there was a parade of the troops, and a great celebration was also held at Munich.

The Pamir Boundary Commission, on which England is represented by Colonel Gerald, Central India Horse, Commissioner-in-Chief, Colonel Holdich, and Major Wahab; and Russia by General Schweckovski, Colonel Galkine, and M. Panafidine, has commenced the work of delimitation. In telegraphing to this effect, Colonel Gerald states that the Russian representatives have shown themselves courteous, and the work is proceeding in a friendly manner. Several cases of snow-blindness have occurred among the party, but they have been cured.

A terrible outbreak of Chinese mob fury and fanaticism in the province of Fu-kien, and about seventy miles from the treaty port of Foo-chow, at a station of the English Church Missionary Society near Ku-cheng, has cost the lives of five or six English ladies and children, with that of the Rev. R. W. Stewart, the chief of the station. The British Consul at Foo-chow is to proceed, with a military escort, to make special inquiries at Ku-cheng; and British gun-boats are sent to Foo-chow.



Photo by Chancellor and Sons, Dublin.

THE LATE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL KEITH FRASER.

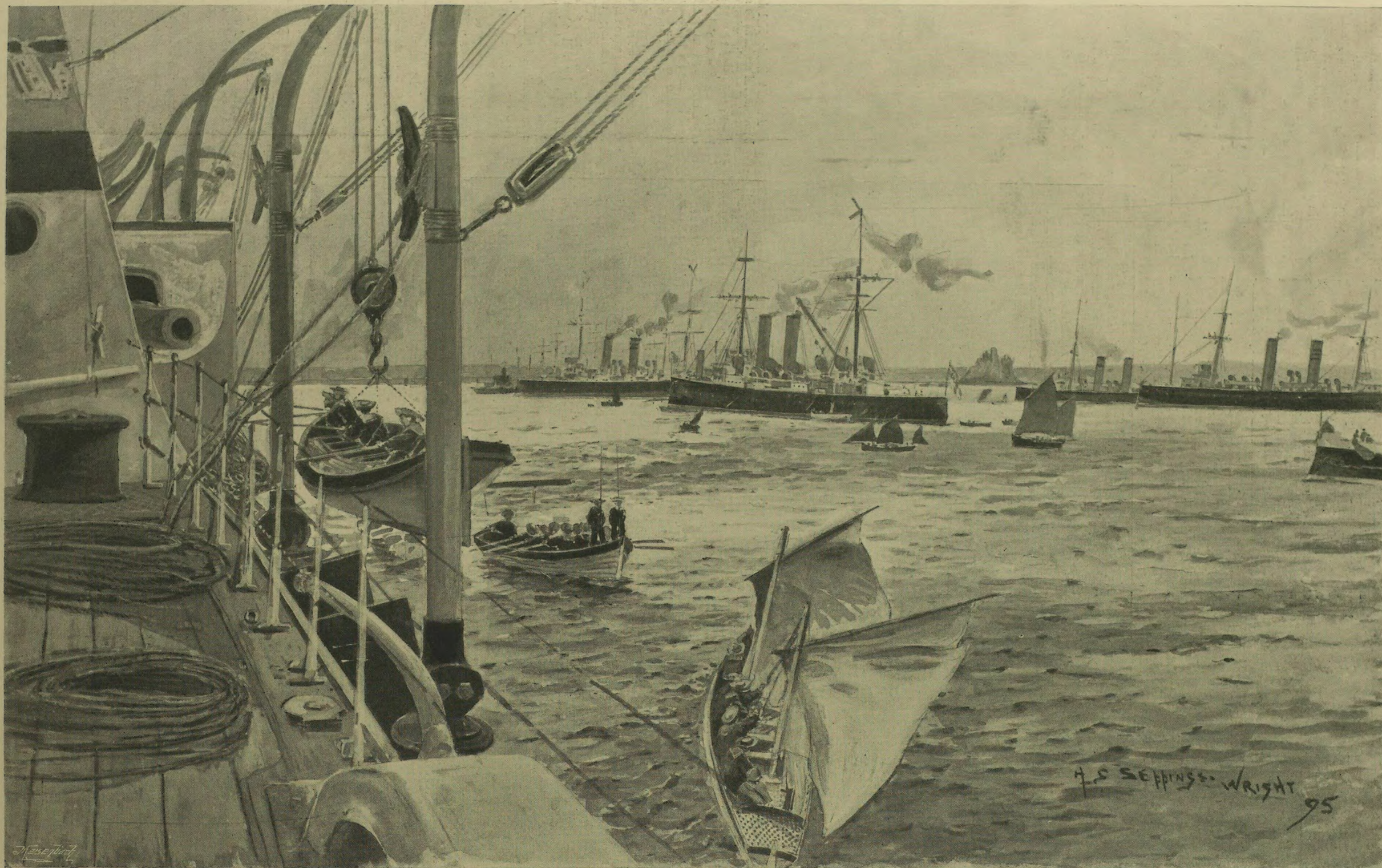
See "Our Illustrations."

been provided by local subscribers, of whom Mr. Alderman Burt is chairman. The sculptor is Mr. F. J. Williamson; it is placed on the grand staircase of the Town Hall.

Lady Burdett-Coutts and Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., entertained large numbers of delegates to the International Geographical Congress and the members of the British Medical Association at a garden-party at Holly Lodge, Highgate.

The annual inspection of the Woolwich Royal Military Academy was performed on Aug. 1 by General Sir Redvers Buller, in the absence of the Duke of Cambridge, who has gone to Homburg. The mobilisation of the four battalions of Foot Guards and other troops for Home Defence manoeuvres in the neighbourhood of Chobham Common commenced on the same day. The Artillery Volunteers' camp of instruction and competition at Shoeburyness, under the direction of the National Artillery Association, was opened on Friday, Aug. 2, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel F. Howard, one of the senior officers of the School of Gunnery. Large numbers of Volunteer rifles have joined the camp at Aldershot for exercise and training.

The naval manoeuvres around the coasts of Ireland and in St. George's Channel being about to commence, the A Division of the fleet, under command of Lord Walter Kerr, on board the *Royal Sovereign*, with Rear-Admiral Alington second in command, on board the *Empress of*



THE CHANNEL FLEET ANCHORED AT MOUNT'S BAY: GETTING OUT THE BOATS.



ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

From the Private Papers of Mangan O'Driscoll, late of the Imperial Service of Austria, and a Knight of the Military Order of the Maria Theresa.

CHAPTER XI.

The moment he was out of the house I too started off, and went racing along like a madman, only in the opposite direction, knowing as I did, and as the Captain, of course, did too, that Wooden-Sword and the other boys would have been sure to make away down the stream at the bottom of the glen as soon as they heard the sound of the firing, and knew that the soldiers had arrived.

I ran as I hadn't run for the last twenty years, with the river Anner beating and tumbling at the bottom of the glen, and my own heart beating and tumbling inside of me at the same rate, only louder. My blood seemed to be racing exactly like water in a mill-race, and all the time as I ran, there quite plainly before my eyes was a picture of Wooden-Sword being shot like a rabbit by one of those cursed English soldiers, and rolling over and over and over, as a rabbit does when it's shot, and settling down at last in a dull dead heap at the bottom of some hollow place.

My whole soul seemed to be going out of me in one great cry for help, yet never a word could I utter, no, nor so much as remember the name of the smallest saint in heaven. I ran and ran, looking to right and left, and calling softly whenever I dared, but for a long time I saw and heard nothing. Mangan Glen was like a great open grave that night, only lit here and there by thin white streaks from above. There was nothing to be seen and nothing to be heard till I got close up to the ruins of the Abbey, where the banks of the Anner are at their steepest. Here I ran to the edge, and looked over, knowing that the boys would most likely be trying to escape by the little broken path which runs there. And sure enough, the minute I looked over, amongst all the streaks and dots of moonlight, I saw something dressed in white running along for the bare life at the bottom.

I knew that it must be one of them, and it proved to me, moreover, that they had still got their shirts on outside their clothes, which was downright madness on their part, since whatever chance they might have of escaping otherwise, they had clearly none as long as they kept those on.

I shouted as loud as I dared, "Wooden-Sword! Wooden-Sword!" hoping that it might be he, and that he'd know my voice and turn back, but the figure only continued to run on quicker than before the way it was going.

There was but one thing to be done, I saw, and I ran as hard as I could along the upper path till I was close above where he would have to pass underneath. It was very easy to outrun him, for the path on which I was was in good order and smooth, whereas the other one was hardly a path at all, being all big rocks and brambles and loose stones.

The minute I reached the right place I flung myself over the top of the bank, and let myself drop like a stone, stumbling and rolling, clutching at the bushes, and anything I could find, till I brought myself up, as good luck would have it, almost on top of my runaway, and the minute I did so, I made a grab at him, and got hold of him by the clothes.

"Stop!" cried I; I could say no more, for there wasn't a bit of breath left in my body, for I am a big man, and if not very heavy, too old clearly to be going on with such gymnastics at my time of life.

It wasn't Wooden-Sword, as I had hoped it might be, but it *was* Teddy the Snipe, and that was perhaps the next best thing. By the colour of his face when I clutched him it was plain to be seen that he thought one of the soldiers had hold of him, and that he was a lost boy. As soon as he saw that it was only me he recovered, however, and stood still readily enough, although shaking all over with the fright I had given him.

"Stop," said I again, and this time quite unnecessarily, for I had him so tight, he couldn't have got away if he had tried to do so. "Listen, Teddy," said I, when my wind had come back, and I was able to speak. "Isn't there some sort of signal that you're in the habit of making to let Master Wooden-Sword know that it's all right, and that he can stop? Think, boy, quickly, and if there is, make it in God's name; and lose no time over it, for it may be the saving of all your lives. Otherwise, God help you, for I doubt if one of you will escape this night."

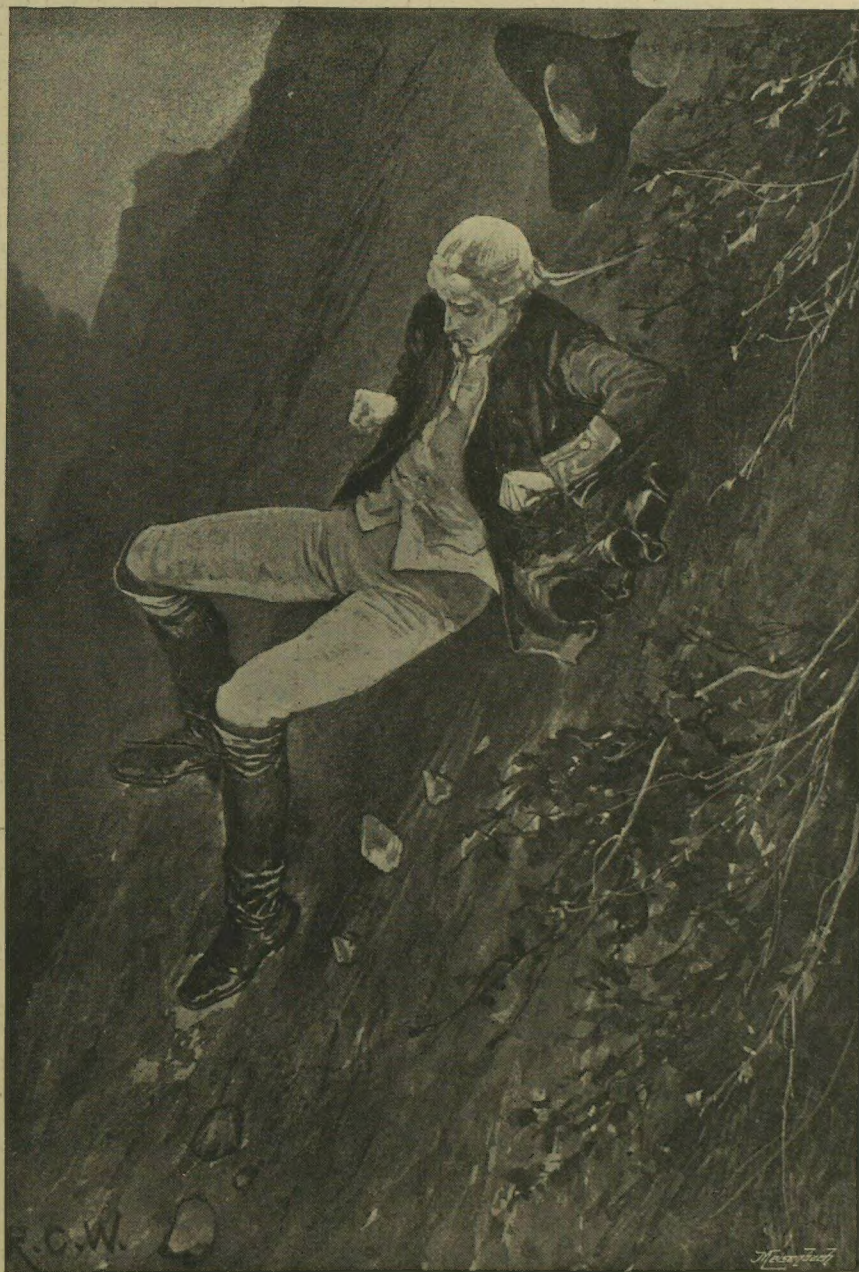
Now Teddy the Snipe is as sharp as ten needles, and he took in at once what I meant, and with that he stuck his two fingers into his mouth, and gave a brace of quick sharp whistles, exactly like a real snipe's, and then, after a moment, one more.

By the blessing of God those ahead heard him, for I presently saw another figure coming out of the shadow and advancing towards us. I ran to meet him, and this time, thank God! it was Wooden-Sword himself.

"Strip, my boy!" cried I before I had got up to him. "Strip, and call the rest of the boys together, and bid them strip too, and give me all your shirts."

Wooden-Sword answered never a word, only looked at me askance in a shamefaced way, and began stripping the shirt off him quickly, as I bade him.

By this time some more of the boys had begun to come back, some with their shirts still over their clothes, and others with them in their hands. They had meant, they told me afterwards, to hide them under one of the rocks in the bed of the stream



I flung myself over the top of the bank, and let myself drop like a stone.

before going out on to the open ground. That might have done very well, and been safe enough no doubt in an ordinary way, but with such a desperate commotion as there was on foot now, and the soldiers out all over the place, there wouldn't have been a corner of the glen that wouldn't have been searched, or a stone that wouldn't have been turned upside down. And the least sign of white might have given the clue, and, once that was given, the whole affair would have been out, and no hope left of saving one of them. For if anybody supposes that the fact of their being only a parcel of boys, or even the fact of their having done it to please other people, would have been

allowed to count in their defence, well, I can only say that person knows uncommonly little of the way in which the law is carried on these times in Ireland.

By the mercy of God I got their shirts off their backs, and rolled them up into a ball, and round and round in the mud of the bank, to make them show less. Then, having tied them together as tightly as I could, and fastened a bit of string round them, which one of the boys luckily had in his pocket, I slung them over my arm and prepared to go off.

They made a pretty big bundle, and how I was to account for it I had yet to find out, but in any case they were safer evidently in my hands than on their backs.

"Be off now, every one of you," I cried; "and mind! no two of you together, and no running away either, but just slip quietly along from tree to tree, and keep yourself hid, each boy separately. Captain Spencer is holding the soldiers at the top of the wood as long as he can, but you may be sure some of them will be out at the head of the glen, and you'd better lie all night in the bracken—or for the next twenty nights, for that matter—rather than fall into their hands. As long as you keep apart you'll be moderately safe, and if any boy is such a fool as to let himself be caught, remember he's only laying snares for rabbits, and is frightened to death lest he'd be caught by the keeper, and knows nothing about anything or anyone else. Mind that, now, and away with you, each boy separately."

With that I turned hastily round, leaving Wooden-Sword to settle matters with the rest, as I knew he could. The worst part of the danger was at any rate now in my own hands, and what I was going to do with my big bundle, or where I was to hide it, I hadn't as yet a notion. There wasn't a spot I could think of in the grounds that wasn't brimful of danger, while, on the other hand, very difficult it was to think of any reasonable excuse for dragging such a great thumping thing into the castle, and still more difficult to hinder its being examined there, which, of course, at all hazards I must prevent, else the whole affair would have been out in a twinkling.

Back, anyway, I had to go, and the sooner the better, since the longer I delayed the greater the fear of my being missed, and of questions being asked as to where I had been. I hurried, accordingly, up the glen, and again, by good luck, met neither man nor mouse, till I was once more upon the wide open space in front of the castle.

Just as I was getting out of the shadow and into the light, what should I see on the edge of the road but a small figure, dressed in white, standing in the full view of anyone who might happen to be looking out of the windows! My heart was in my mouth again, for I made sure that it was one of those fools of boys, who had missed the way, or perhaps didn't know the soldiers had come at all. My relief, therefore, may easily be guessed when, as I got nearer, I discovered that it was only little Miss Abby, who had run out in her white frock, and had evidently been down the glen, too, for her silk shoes were all over mud.

She rushed up to me the minute I appeared, and clutched hold of my arm with a grip that I didn't think those small hands of hers had it in them to give.

"Colonel Driscoll!" cried she. "Where is he? Where is Wooden-Sword? Tell me quickly! Speak! Where is he, I say? Is he safe?"

"God knows, Miss Abby," I answered, for I felt in no humour to spare her, she having been at the bottom of the whole mischief. "He's down somewhere in that wood yonder—that's all I can tell you—and those other poor fools of boys along with him, and the soldiers, with their swords and guns, are seeking them up and down to kill them. And if they do catch them, and do kill them, God may forgive those that have brought them into this danger for nothing, but no one else who cares for them ever will, and so I tell you plainly!"

She gave a great gasp at that, and looked up at me in the moonlight, her big eyes quite glazed with terror. It was not like a child's look at all, and I felt sorry the next minute that I had spoken to her so harshly; not but what she deserved it, and a good deal more besides.

"Oh! what shall I do? what shall I do? Oh, dear! I am so miserable!" cried she, like a creature driven wild with pain. "What am I to do, Colonel Driscoll? Say quickly—you must tell me! What am I to do? Shall I give myself up to the soldiers and tell them it was all my doing, and that Wooden-Sword had nothing to say to it?"

"You'll do nothing of the sort, Miss Abby," said I, catching hold of her arm. "Unless you want to make absolutely certain, that is, of destroying them. There's nothing for you to do but to go upstairs to your room, and pray to God that they mayn't be caught—that's all that's left now for you, or for anyone else, that I can see."

She looked up at me with a pitiful face, and was turning away, sobbing as if her heart would break, when all at once a new idea came into my head, and I caught hold of her by the arm again.

"Stop a minute, Miss Abby," said I, "stop and listen to me! I believe I'm wrong; I believe that there is something for you to do after all, and, moreover, that you're the only person that can do it. And if Wooden-Sword and the rest are saved to-night, it will be you, after all, that will have saved them."

So saying I pulled her a little way back again into the wood, where I had dropped the big bundle for the moment.

"Do you see this?" I whispered. "It's a bundle of shirts, and there's a life in every one of those shirts, and Wooden-Sword's life is in one of them. Do you think, child, that you could manage to get back into the castle unbeknownst, and up to your own room, and hide them there, or, better still, burn them, without any eye but your own seeing them? If you think you can, say so, and be quick about it, for there's no time to be lost."

"I can!" cried she eagerly. "Of course I can! Give it to me here quickly!" and she opened her arms wide.

"You'll not loiter about? You'll not tell anyone, not your sister Miss Alicia even; above all, not any of the servants? You'll promise me that? you'll swear it to me?" cried I, terrified at the idea of giving them to her—for what, after all, was she but a child?—yet not seeing any chance of getting rid of them otherwise.

"Yes, yes!" she repeated impatiently, "I will! I understand! Give it to me quickly, quickly. Look there!"

There was no need to look, for at that moment we could both of us hear a voice, shouting to us to stand still, or we should be shot. Some of the soldiers that had been up the hill, and had not found anyone there, were coming back towards the castle. There was an officer with them, and it was his voice that we had heard, and he was at that moment coming towards us, calling out as he did so that if we did not stop still exactly where we were, he'd order his men to fire upon us.

I hadn't the slightest objection to stopping still myself, but it was everything in the world to get Miss Abby and her bundle of shirts safely back to the castle before the soldiers came up, after which it would have become almost impossible to get them in without their being examined. It was a dreadful risk, I knew, to let the child run, still, something had to be done, and I didn't see what other chance there was, and then Wooden-Sword's life was in the balance. Anyway, right or wrong, I made up my mind.

"Run, Miss Abby, run!" I whispered to her hastily.

"Run for your life, dear, since there's no way of avoiding it. Run for it, my child, and God bless you!"

She didn't need a second word, but was off like a young fawn, with her great bundle clasped in her arms, making straight as an arrow for the little jib door, which, of course, was the nearest way in. She had barely started, however, before the officer caught sight of her, and, swearing a furious oath, shouted to his men to fire upon her.

Only two of them were near enough, fortunately, to see clearly what was happening, or to know who it was that they were to fire at, and of these two I ran at the nearest, before he could take aim, and knocked up his musket, so that it went off harmlessly in the air. The other soldier, however, had meantime lowered his gun, and he fired it point-blank at the child as she ran, a terribly easy mark to hit in the middle of that big glittering space of moonlight.

I have passed through some hideously bad moments in the course of my life, as, I suppose, most men have done, but I can honestly say that I never remember any other moment quite so bad as that one in the moonlight that night in front of Mangan Castle! There was such a lot of smoke, and the light itself was so confusing that at first I could see nothing very clearly, and I made sure that the child had been killed, and that it was I, and nobody else, that had sent her to her death.

When the smoke had a bit cleared away, however, she was still on her feet, thank God! and close up to the jib door by this time. And the next moment somebody had opened it for her, and she had disappeared inside, and it was shut again with a bang.

I turned round then furiously upon the officer, who was by this time close up to me. It was so clear that I had no difficulty in seeing his face, and I perceived in a moment that it was the same young man—Cornet Bullock I understood his name to be—that had proposed to come with his riding-whip in the streets of Clonmel.

That didn't make any difference, however, I pledged you my honour, for I was already simply boiling over with fury on account of Miss Abby.

"I suppose, Sir, you are aware that that was Sir Thomas Carew's daughter, Miss Abigail Carew, that you've just ordered your men to fire on?" said I, grinding my teeth at him, but endeavouring to speak as quietly as I could.

"That's a lie!" shouted he.

"Very well," said I. "Then you'd better go and inquire at the castle, and you'll soon find out for yourself whether it is a lie or not!"

With that I walked away towards the jib door, and he followed close behind me, roaring as he did so to his men that they were to shoot me dead if I attempted to turn a single yard either to the right or to the left.

CHAPTER XII.

In this way I returned once more to the castle, with Cornet Bullock following close behind me, and four of his soldiers pointing their muskets at the small of my back. The jib door had been fastened again on the inside; but, when I rapped twice on it, it was opened on the minute by Dr. Kettle.

Like Sir Thomas a little while before, he almost fell into my arms,

"Colonel Driscoll—" he began; but I was too anxious to mind my manners, and I cut him short.

"You let Miss Abby in a minute ago, didn't you, Doctor?" said I, trembling with fear as to what he might have to say about her.

"I did," replied he.

"And did she—was she—did she seem—well?" I asked.

"Well?" he repeated in a tone of surprise. "Why yes, well enough as to that, but in a desperate hurry about something, for she flew past me like a flash of lightning, and up the stairs to her own room. I suppose she was scared by a shot that someone fired a minute since quite close to the castle."

"Likely enough," replied I. "Young ladies are apt, you know, to be scared sometimes when there's no particular occasion."

I took a glance out of the corner of my eye as I said this at Cornet Bullock, and had the satisfaction to see that he looked remarkably uncomfortable. It was not on his account, as you may believe, that I made light of the danger the child had run, but because the less attention that was drawn to her the better just now for all of us, and from what Dr. Kettle had said it seemed clear that she really had escaped unhurt, and got up to her own room, where I made sure that she would lose no time in getting rid of her bundle, so that my mind was able at last to feel easy upon that score.

"And where is Sir Thomas?" I next inquired.

"In the big hall," answered the Doctor, "seeing that the servants get ready supper for Colonel Maclean and the other officers, when they return from chasing the Whiteboys, which I expect they will do shortly; in fact, I think I hear them this minute."

Sure enough there came a loud noise just then of tramping feet, and another body of soldiers was seen marching up to the house. They didn't come, however, towards the little side entrance by which we had got in, but towards the big front one under the porch, which the servants made haste to fling wide open, being evidently desirous, every man Jack of them, to prove how extraordinarily active and useful he was now that all danger was entirely over and done with.

Dr. Kettle hurried off to meet the gentlemen, and Cornet Bullock went out again, I suppose to lead his men round to join their comrades at the front of the house. I delayed a little longer, not being in any particular hurry to meet Colonel Maclean and the rest of the officers from Clonmel. When at last I followed them into the hall no one in the world would have believed that the castle had so lately been a scene of such confusion and dismay. The whole of the big hall was lit up with wax candles, stuck into silver sconces, and a long table had been set out in the middle of it, which was entirely weighed down with eatables and drinkables. The servants were racing about in their best liveries, while Sir Thomas himself, in his flowered silk dressing-gown, was doing the honours, and begging Colonel Maclean and the other officers to sit down and refresh themselves after the fatigues of the evening.

As for our assailants, real or pretended, everybody seemed to have entirely forgotten that they had ever existed. Indeed, it was so usual for the soldiers to be sent off after the Whiteboys, and to come back having entirely failed to catch one of them, that it seemed to be taken as a matter of course, and quite the correct thing, by everybody.

I got into a corner and stayed there, not wanting to be in anyone's way, and being quite easy now in my mind, since it was clear that Wooden-Sword and the other boys would have plenty of time to get quietly home, after all. Captain Spencer had come in with the rest of the gentlemen; but it was evident that none of his brother-officers had the faintest suspicion about any particular ceremony having recently taken place under that roof, for nobody made the slightest allusion to it. I suspected that Sir Thomas was beginning to feel just a little ashamed of having patched up the marriage in such a desperate hurry, especially on account of everyone in the neighbourhood knowing that he had refused his consent to it so long and so resolutely. Anyhow, neither he nor anyone else spoke of it, although there was Miss Alicia, helping to do the honours for her papa, and looking just as quiet and as modest as usual; and there, too, was poor Captain Spencer, not looking the least in the world like a bridegroom, being set right away at the far end of the table among the younger officers, and apparently of no more importance than any one of the rest of them.

What with her modesty, which was, perhaps, only natural under the circumstances, and what with his extraordinarily retiring ways—for if a gallant, resolute young man enough at a pinch, he certainly is the mildest and most retiring young man for an officer I ever saw—the whole performance might have remained in the dark, at any rate for that evening, and the Captain's brother-officers have gone back to their barracks never suspecting that he was a married man, but that there was one person in the castle whom it was never very safe to reckon upon, and who was perfectly certain to do the audacious thing, and the thing no one would ever have expected her to do, and I don't think I need tell you at this hour who that person was!

Not a soul had seen anything of Miss Abby since she had darted past Dr. Kettle and up to her own room,

where I made no doubt she was busy all this time burning the shirts; indeed, I thought once or twice that I smelt a smell of burning, but as no one else seemed to observe anything, it was, maybe, only fancy.

In any case, it was not until the heavier part of the eating was finished, and that the gentlemen had settled down to steady drinking, that the door suddenly flew wide open, and in she came, looking as bright as a bird, and evidently quite pleased and satisfied with herself again.

Her cheeks were as red as fire, showing what she had been busy at. Young ladies, as a rule, look plain in my experience when they're hot, but, somehow, it only made little Miss Abby look handsomer than ever, she being so dark, the young witch, and her great black eyes above her scarlet cheeks shone as bright as two sloes on a bush in the middle of a conflagration. She glanced up and down the hall in the quick, decided way she does, first at the officers, some of whom were beginning by this time to show signs of the wine they had been drinking, and then past them at the men, who had been left outside the porch, and were looking in wistfully enough, poor fellows, at their betters enjoying themselves. With that she snatched up a big flask of wine that hadn't yet been opened, and, carrying it out to the porch, handed it over to the first soldier she met with a lordly sort of an air, as much as to say: "If everybody else has forgotten that you are our guests, you see that I haven't!" It was emptied, as you may suppose, in a trice, and back she came for another, when all at once something else seemed to strike her attention, for she stopped and stood looking about her, first at her sister, Miss Alicia, sitting perched up at the top of the table beside Colonel Maclean, and then right away down to the bottom of it, to where Captain Spencer sat amongst all the younger officers, looking rather melancholy and neglected-like, poor young man. Next her eye caught sight of me, hidden away in my corner, where I had not as yet been spoken to by anybody, or even offered any refreshment—

not that I expected it under the circumstances, knowing how awkward it might be for Sir Thomas if too much attention were drawn to the fact of my being there.

At that her eyes began to grow even brighter than before, and a sort of dancing light to come into them, such as I have often noticed when she was about to do anything especially outrageous. All at once, before her father or anybody could have stopped her, even if they had guessed what she was about to do, she had gone over to the table, and had begun rapping sharply upon it with her knuckles, so as to call attention.

All the officers, most of whom were talking loudly, stopped drinking for a moment at that, and turned to stare at her, she looking so handsome, the young gipsy, with her black hair hanging down over her white frock, and so determined and masterful, too, although such a mere child.

"If you please, I want everybody to do something for me. I want you all to drink a health!" cried she in her shrill little voice, but quite loud and clear, evidently not fearing anybody, as, indeed, she never did. "I want everybody to drink the Colonel's health. Please will everybody drink it?"

Hearing this Colonel Maclean, who was nearly opposite to her, turned round, and having screwed his eye-glass into his eye—for he was a very near-sighted little gentleman—he nodded and smiled at her, quite pleased and flattered, supposing, as he naturally could not fail to suppose, that it was *his* health she was so eager to get everyone to drink.

straight down to the bottom of the table at Captain Spencer, why, there was an immediate buzz and commotion, and nobody thought any more about me, everyone being so eager to know whether the news was really true, and whether the Captain and Miss Alicia really had become man and wife. Then when it became clear that it was true, and that they really *had*, for no one present had the face to deny it, all the younger officers—as many of them, at least, as were sober enough to stand on their legs—gathered round Captain Spencer, and began quizzing him unmercifully, calling him "Old Sly Boots" and "Captain Kiss-in-the-Dark," and a lot more names of the sort.

In this way the whole business came out, the whole business, that is, as far as the marriage was concerned. Even Sir Thomas—though I have no doubt he was secretly furious with Miss Abby for having let the cat out of the bag—found that the only thing left for him to do was to make the best of the matter, and to smile and bow as if everything had fallen out exactly as he had intended. Indeed, I was a good deal amused to perceive what a fatherly tone he at once began to adopt towards Captain Spencer, at the same time that he gave everyone to understand that the marriage had been performed some little time before—it was not necessary to say exactly *when*—at all events, with his full consent and approval, although for family reasons it had been thought advisable to keep it for a while dark. A piece of harmless deceit in which the Captain and Dr. Kettle took care to play their parts properly, and to bear him out in every particular.

By this means everyone was satisfied, and all awkward questions were avoided. Captain Spencer was taken into the family from that very evening upon the footing of a son, and a most satisfactory son he seems likely to prove to Sir Thomas, being just the sort of mild, submissive young man that gentleman would prefer, and that, I feel sure, no son of his own would have been in the least likely to have been. As for that ferocious attack upon Mangan Castle which took place upon the twenty-third of June



"I want everybody to drink the Colonel's health. Please will everybody drink it?"

But as soon as Miss Abby understood what he was thinking of, she gave a great stamp with her foot to the ground, and frowned at him across the table so fiercely that her black eyebrows nearly met one another over the top of her little nose.

"I don't mean *your* health, you silly little man!" cried she, quite indignantly. "Why should I want anybody to drink *your* health? I mean *our* Colonel's health, the big Colonel's health, of course. Here's to Colonel Driscoll's health, and to the health of the bride and bridegroom!"

Now, there was not a single officer in that room who would have drunk my health—it was not to be expected—nor probably any other gentleman either in their company; but when Miss Abby added, "And the health of the bride and bridegroom"—making her meaning quite plain, moreover, by pointing her finger first at her sister, and then

last, well, that is a matter upon which we four—I mean Captain Spencer, his lady, Mrs. Spencer, Miss Abby, and myself—are all thoroughly agreed, and intend to keep our own counsel. And as, fortunately, no one else, not even Dr. Kettle, has any real suspicion upon the subject, I don't see why we need have any particular difficulty in doing so, the more so as Sir Thomas himself is to this hour fully convinced that it was beset by the most bloodthirsty band of ruffians that ever carried pikes or fired a barn, and it is much to be hoped that he will continue to do so until the day of his death.

So now you have the whole of the affair, so far as I know it myself. And if anyone ever has occasion to read this narrative of mine, I can only hope that he will be able to understand it, in spite of my want of practice in the art of story-telling, which, like all other arts and crafts, a

man had better, I suppose, practise a bit in private, before he attempts to show off his skill to the world. Fortunately, as I explained when I began, I don't really *want* anyone to read it, in fact, would much prefer to think that nobody ever would do so, which is quite the reverse, I take it, of those who invent such things out of their own heads, and offer them for sale, hoping to find people silly enough or good-natured enough to buy their inventions. And a most curious thing, I may say, it has always seemed to me that they ever do succeed in doing so, when one considers the number of other and more necessary things there are to spend money upon in this world.

So now, all that is left for me to do, I suppose, is just to write my name in full at the foot of this page, by way of proof of the truth of what stands before it. This same writing out of one's name in full is not a thing I may explain; which we returned exiles are in any great hurry to do nowadays, and that for very good reasons. However, if there's some little risk in it, there is also, in my case, no little pleasure too, since it gives me an opportunity of once more leaving off with the name of her whom, if fortune had only been good enough to allow of it, I should so gladly have served to the end of my days, or, better still, have died in arms in her service.

Her Majesty's poor soldier and servant to command,

DENIS DOMINICK
MANGAN
O'DRISCOLL,

*A Member of her
Military Order of
the Maria Theresa.*

THE END.

The water question is becoming very serious in the East End of London. An epidemic of small-pox has brought the matter still more forcibly before the attention of sanitary authorities. The water companies seem too bewildered to come to any decisive policy, yet the drought is far too important to be allowed to continue.

Even the members of the British Medical Congress, which has recently concluded its session in London, were hardly aware of the enormous number of papers prepared for reading at its meetings. It has become the fashion for congresses to overestimate the time at their disposal, and, in consequence, scant attention is given to subjects over which many hours of study have been spent. The social side, too, of congresses has latterly been so developed as to minimise the time devoted to the actual objects for which the members were summoned. Professional men, as a rule, make bad listeners; and this remark applies equally to clergymen, geographers, journalists, or doctors. The last named were, however, very attentive to the sermon addressed to them in St. Paul's Cathedral by the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose line of thought ran parallel with Sir J. Russell Reynolds's presidential address to the Medical Congress on the same day.

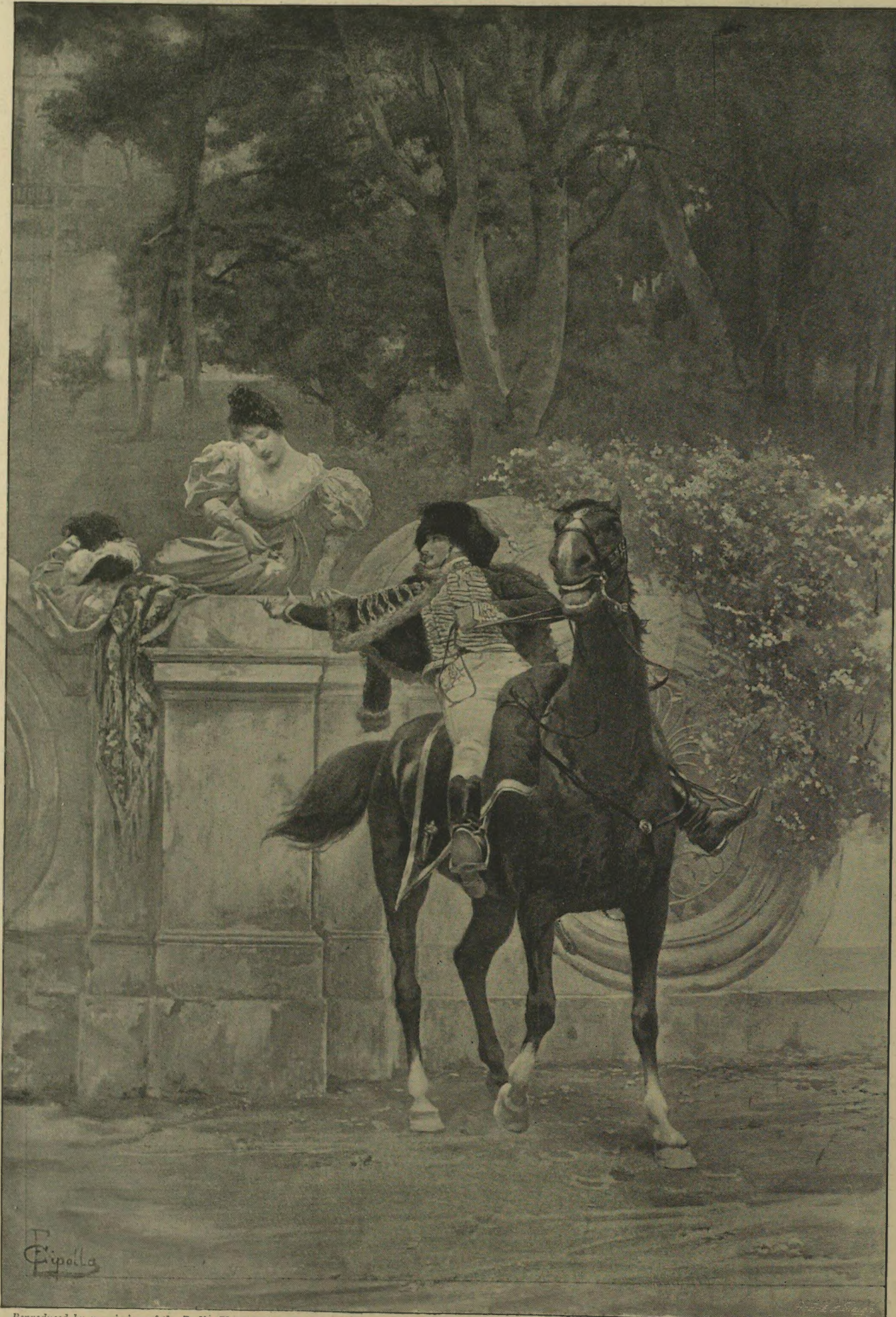
THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

(See Double-Page Engraving.)

London's Parliament sits in Spring Gardens rather than in the House of Commons. Within a few paces of "the finest square in Europe" there are held the deliberations of the London County Council, an illustration of whose members appears in this issue. The Parliamentary machine is far too cumbrous to concern itself with the thousands of matters which affect the life, health, and happiness of London's

wants of training-ships. The real work of the London County Council is done in committees, although the meetings of the whole body are also very important. The mere agenda paper would stagger members of the defunct Metropolitan Board of Works. The *personnel* of the Council is excellently diversified. Peers and commoners, City men and Labour leaders work together for the civic weal. Of Sir Arthur Arnold, the Chairman, it may certainly be said that he has fulfilled all the anticipations of the sixty-six members who voted for his election on

March 12. He has adhered to his promise of restricting his utterances to those occasions when he speaks on behalf of the whole Council. His thorough acquaintance with the procedure of the House of Commons has stood him in good stead in presiding over an assembly whose rules are in many ways a notable improvement on those which govern the debates at St. Stephen's. One of the impressions left on the mind of any visitor to the meetings of the London County Council is that of the business-like brevity which is the note of most of the speeches. The Vice-Chairman, Mr. J. Williams Benn, is a man of immense energy and enthusiasm, and, now that he is for a time released from Parliamentary duty, will probably be able to devote still more of his time to the benefit of his fellow-citizens. Mr. Benn has, among other gifts, great skill in sketching, and his humorous set of designs for windows created much amusement to members of the Council. He was also the artist of the medal which the Council awards for bravery among firemen. Mr. Benn is one of the happiest platform speakers in London, and can address children probably better than anyone on the Council. Mr. W. H. Dickinson has not found his position as Deputy-Chairman very congenial, and, in the future, some change will be made as regards this office. The Aldermen are Lord Farrer and Lord Welby—each of whom places his



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A LOVE-GIFT.—BY L. CIPOLLA.

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multitudes, and so the policy of devolution has placed these affairs in the hands of 118 gentlemen, who form the body called the London County Council. The Council, which was elected, after a hot contest, last March, is equally divided into fifty-nine Moderates and fifty-nine Progressives. This even balance of power has had the effect of restraining the taste for experiments. The Council is divided into various committees, and conscientious service on two or three of these bodies takes at least three days a week. Never till now has there been so much gratuitous sacrifice of time, energy, and money on the part of London's Parliament. Its members, with few exceptions, catch the infection of that "enthusiasm for humanity" which leads one to make himself acquainted with every inmate of an asylum, another to explore the drainage system, and a third to care for the

long experience of the Civil Service at the disposal of the Council to its great advantage; Mr. C. T. Ritchie, M.P., whose Act called the Council into being; Sir Godfrey Lushington, another admirable administrator; the Earl of Onslow, who will have less time to devote to London affairs now that he is Under-Secretary for India; the Hon. Evelyn Hubbard, who has just been defeated at Plymouth by Mr. Charles Harrison, M.P., L.C.C.; Mr. C. A. Whitmore, M.P., a shrewd member of committees; Mr. N. W. Hubbard; and Mr. W. H. Dickinson. Among the other industrious members are Mr. John Burns, M.P., Mr. McDougall, Mr. T. G. Fardell, M.P., Sir J. Blundell Maple, M.P., and others whose talents, though less conspicuous, are not less valuable. Sir J. Hutton yields to none in his devotion to the Council, of which he is *ex-Chairman*.



AT HOME.—BY HENRIETTE RONNER.

LITERATURE.

MR. FRANCIS THOMPSON'S SISTER-SONGS.

BY PROFESSOR DOWDEN.

Sister-Songs; An Offering to Two Sisters. By Francis Thompson. (London: John Lane.)—At various periods in the history of literature there have been some poets, possessing admirable gifts of ardour, imagination, fancy, melodious utterance, who have not served their art wholly well. They have created beauty, and they have marred their own creation. They have carved statues, and, not content with what was well done, have proceeded to tattoo their statues. It is to be feared that Mr. Thompson will be remembered among these. No one who has a feeling for poetry can question that he is essentially that rare thing, a poet; no one who knows the difference between right and wrong can help perceiving that he often abuses his remarkable powers. We find so much to admire that we are ready to forgive; but in art it does not lie with any of us to pronounce a pardon; the offender must bear his own offence. If the writer cannot pursue a high theme without being diverted to chase every butterfly conceit that flits across his path, it means that passion or imagination with him are intermittent; if his fancies are sometimes ingenious and no more, it means that surprise attracts him more than beauty; if his diction be overloaded with exotic curiosities, it means that, while seeking virtuosity, he has not attained mastery of his instrument; if he should catch at petty decorations of verse, it means that he is lacking in artistic continence, and has imperfect sense of relative values. Mr. Thompson is assuredly a poet; he has it in him to be an eminent poet in his own order, as a writer of the lyric, not the lyric of direct passion, but of imaginative exaltation. If, however, he refuse to admit that his artistic sins are sinful, if he persist in calling evil good, he cannot surpass his present self; he will probably give us some short pieces of extraordinary excellence, and a waste of verse in which blossoms of beauty will ever grow more rare and weeds more rampant. No critic can save a poet from the vice of artistic incontinence; but a poet may, before it is too late, endeavour to deliver his better self from its snares and temptations.

Mr. Thompson's theme is the praise of girlhood. The sisters are two, and each has her elaborate song. It is a sunless May; yet the spirit of Spring is in the air and in the poet's heart, and, with the aid of Mary, the patroness of May, he will raise his lauds of maidenhood. The chant for Sylvia, the younger sister, is first in order. In the midst of the vernal sorcery, sweet voices and the concord of instruments are heard arising from the ground; the harmonies are those of the musical sprites of the spring flowers. In air, the company of the Hours hover and float, paling and flushing with passion, as they sway and sing. Around the elm-bole the Dryads weave their dances, gyre on gyre, while their cymbals clash overhead, and the bells tinkle upon their ankles. Spring with her minstrelsy sits in shadow, and among the train is the sunny Sylvia. The poet prays that Spring may for ever keep this little lady in her company of attendants. Once, in his dire distress, a child of the streets gave him an alms; her pitying love has made childhood ever since divine for him. Spring, bounteous lady, grants the poet's prayer—Sylvia must indeed grow woman, but her heart shall ever be fresh and pure as May.

Such, in few words, is the motive of the first of the two sister-songs. The second, addressed to the elder sister, is of deeper import. The opening pages tell of the distance set between the poet, one who has wandered in deserts alone, who has suffered, who sings in solitude (for dear, intimate, human love would silence song), and the maiden whom he first saw standing between her father's knees, whose happy freshness, innocence, and joy were to him like the oasis of a mirage, yet recalling remote realities, whose reviving influence has become a part of all his work. As yet she has all the freedom of her years, unconscious of the difference of sex; even if her spirit be true woman, it must wait upon the immature body, growing stronger for the temporary restraint. Her lips repeat maternal strains, caught from her mother, which mean, like a poet's words, more than she is aware; but they promise and predict the full summer of womanhood. In due time will come the fated lover, and this song of her poet may one day be an affluent to his tide of passion—a song not to be entered or explored save by the chosen few who hear in it the right voice. By magic of verse, the singer will charm away all pain from her life, and summon all harmonious joys to be her attendants. But now the May twilight falls, the songs must cease; and in an Envoy they are bidden to wait upon the sisters, who in after days, if not now, will understand their burden of meaning and affection.

The whole is written in the irregular verse which Mr. Thompson has learnt from the odes of Mr. Coventry Patmore, and which he handles with mastery. Such a form lends itself to wandering thoughts, and passion that rises and falls with incalculable changes. Yet if any reader should suppose that the poems are invertebrate, the error would be his own. Each song has a scheme and an argument, evolved with sufficient lyrical steadiness; under the fluctuations of feeling lies a certain logic of art; each poem ends because the scheme has been evolved. And every page is wealthy in beauties of detail, beauties of a kind which are at the command of no other living poet except Mr. Thompson. And yet Mr. Thompson writes hardly a page that is unmarred by faults which it is in no one's power to pardon; he has begrimed his statue with a tattoo of woad and ochre. If he finds imitators (and to imitate his vices of style is not difficult) we shall sigh for a critic like Johnson in his *Life of Cowley*, who may help to restore poetry to the commonplaces of good sense. The grasses sprinkled with raindrops are "warted with rain like a toad's knobbed back"; the daisy-blossom; two lines further on, has a mouth, which is dabbled in "the new-sucked milk of the sun's bosom"; rainbows thaw "in a moonbeam bath"; autumnal leaves are "the moulting plumage of the year"; illumined waves are "a beaten yolk of stars"; the moon has a "gleaming chin"; the poet treads hours which "ooze memories" of the cherished maiden; "bubbling deliciousness" of her arises from secret places; purities gleam like statues in the lakes

of her eyes, and the sparkles of those eyes are bubbles from the calyces of the lovely thoughts that pave her spirit's floor; there are blushes on "existence's pale face"; emotions have hair, which streams from the soul, and smokes with a mist of fantasies. No one is likely to esteem more highly Mr. Thompson's rare gifts as a poet than the writer of this article; but time, which reverses the judgment of critics, is not on the side of absurdity; fantastic extravagance will always remain fantastic extravagance. With an admirable skill in metrical effects, Mr. Thompson can yet catch at the cheapest bedizenments of versification: "lovely languid language" is a cheap surprise for the ear; "murmuring measured melody" is a poor appeal to the sense; the tinkle of bells can be symbolised to the imagination, but this is how Mr. Thompson vulgarly echoes it for the ear—

Ring of swinging bells clinging their feet;
And the clang on wing it seemed a-hanging.

Mr. Thompson's exotic vocabulary is no improvement on the tongue that Shakspeare spake. If a novelty of diction be imported, it should be done discreetly, and a place should be found for it. The words of the lexicon should not be used to pelt our ears, like decorative brick-bats. Shakspeare speaks of blood that incarnadines the multitudinous seas, but he does not add "making the virid sole sanguine"; he prefers "making the green one red." Mr. Thompson's songs are for maidenhood: does he not fear that his "ladyling" may have to suffer a "blushet," or perhaps a tear in her "irid," when she stumbles on so many words so much beyond a "ladyling's" comprehension, and all in the "dulcitude" of her own song? Poor little "Sylvia"! the sinking sun "sublimed the illumined and volute redundancy" of your locks; but really your poet does not mean to make you ridiculous. Shall we set our nursery rhymes to the new tune? "Robin and Richard," we remember, "were two pretty men," and they lay a-bed till the clock struck ten. Should it not run thus?—

Two mortals of the terrene human brood,
Supreme for pulchritude,
Robin and Richard couched, with dark recessèd eye,
In dulcitudinous recumbency,
Till the high horologe with strummèd hum
Drummed decasyllabled tintinnabulum.

Mr. Thompson would have enriched the passage with curious imagery; but we adhere to the plain facts of history. It is possible to smile at the infirmities—let us rather say the offences—of the poet; they deserve, indeed, something harsher than a smile. It is impossible for any true lover of poetry to fail in rendering honour to the poet's genius.

SAPPHO.

Sappho. Edited by Henry Thornton Wharton, M.A. Third Edition. (London: John Lane.)—Through the Bodley Head, Mr. Wharton gives us, in a new and beautiful dress, the third edition of his "Sappho," or "Psappha," as she was called in her own musical Æolic. The first edition was published in 1885, and the editor, in his preface to the present volume, expresses his regret that he has been unable to add any "new words of the poetess" to those contained in the second edition, published in 1887—a regret which will be widely shared. However, the recent and unexpected discovery of the unknown "Mimiambi" of Hierondas, on a papyrus-roll used to stuff an Egyptian mummy-case, encourages him to hope and persevere.

Mr. Wharton's aim is to familiarise English readers, whether they understand Sappho or not, with every word of Sappho. He therefore gives, besides the original fragments in Greek, a literal translation in English prose by himself and every metrical translation that seems to him worthy of such apposition. This method has its obvious drawbacks, but, although the scholar may resent the impiety of including under so great a name many renderings and imitations which fall far short of their intention, still the dilettante, and he who has no Greek, may gain from the volume some faint afterglow of the poet's wonderful passion for love and beauty. It will be at best only a faint afterglow, sometimes almost too faint to be recognised; for, however devotedly scholars and poets have striven, even those of them who in their own tongue sang of love most ardently have failed to interpret for those who do not know the original the supreme passion of her who was indeed the nightingale of the world.

The position of Sappho amongst the poets of the world is unique: she stands alone to-day as she did nearly three thousand years ago, her supremacy unquestioned; and yet out of the one hundred and seventy fragments which the piety of generations has succeeded in rescuing for us, only a few are of length adequate to enable us, in some measure, to account for her reputation amongst her contemporaries and those who came after. This loss is the less tolerable because it would seem, from the testimony of Athenæus, that her writings were preserved, probably intact, up to the third century of our era. Most of the fragments which have survived the zeal of anti-paganism consist only of a few lines, and although many of them contain very beautiful thoughts, as the lines oft imitated—

Hesper, bringer of all things whatsoever the bright dawn hath scattered, thou bringest the sheep, the goat thou bringest, to the mother thou bringest the child—

it is from the two inimitable poems, "The Hymn to Venus" and "The Ode to Anactoria," that we realise the extent as well of our loss as of our gain. It is, perhaps, some consolation that Sappho has escaped the fate which Horace feared and anticipated—that of becoming a pedagogue's hack for the illustration of grammatical instances. As it is, Sappho has been the scholar's poet. To her he has come with a matured knowledge and a quickened perception to drink in with jealous delight her ravishing words of love and beauty. Mr. Wharton would fain make Sappho popular, but in his despite she will still be the poet of the few, speaking only to the initiated. His own translations are accurate without being distinguished, and the renderings into English verse hardly ever rise above a respectable mediocrity. For example, the rendering by John Addington Symonds of "The Ode to Anactoria" may be good enough as mere verse, but we miss the intensity, the directness, the fire, the haunting melody of the original. Catullus did better.

OTHELLO IN FICTION.

Othello's Occupation. By Mary Anderson. (London: Chatto and Windus.)—Historical novels are a distinguishing feature of modern literature. Historians have always had a little fiction in them; now it is the turn for novels to have a little history in them. "Othello's Occupation" is an excellent addition to the list headed by the works of Stanley J. Weyman. The locale of the story told so vividly in its three hundred and twenty-five pages changes with the rapidity of a kaleidoscope, yet all the colours of each picture harmonise delightfully. From Morocco the scene changes to Venice; we have a passing glimpse of the Knights of Malta; then on goes Othello, the freed slave, to Tunis, and thereafter his wanderings are as varied as his experiences. The authoress, whose identity has been confused with that of Mary Anderson the actress, has a clear grip of her subject, and paints her canvas with a care which excludes anachronisms. Those who read her other novel, "A Son of Noah," will note a steady advance in style, which must ultimately lead to wider recognition. Mrs. Anderson is a niece by marriage of General Gordon of Khartoum.

A LITERARY LETTER.

Mr. Thomas Wise has added to his delightful "Ashley Library" a new volume of Mr. Ruskin's letters. This collection is entirely addressed to the Rev. J. C. Fauntorpe, the Head Master of Whiteland's College for Girls. It will be remembered that Mr. Ruskin initiated the practice of electing a Rose-Queen among the girls at this college, with a presentation gold cross to the queen and a present of some of his books for the other girls. The keen interest with which the great writer watched every detail in connection with dress and decoration in the carrying out of his scheme is indicative of the very marked feminine touch which characterises so much of his writing. Here and there scattered through the volume of letters are delightful little pieces of criticism of life and literature. Take, for example, the following unexpected reference to Shakspeare's "King John"—

"It grieves me to answer your kind letters with cavils," writes Mr. Ruskin to Mr. Fauntorpe; "but I must say a word or two about Constance. It is surely no proper part of your training at Chelsea to teach your girls to scold? What else can they learn in 'King John' or his company? The play is more gross than 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' without one spark of its humour or tint of its grace. It is as ghastly as 'Richard III.' without its power; and as impossible as 'Midsummer Night's Dream' without the relief of Titania and her donkey! It was written for the lower English audience, which could be pleased by seeing a child kill himself by jumping off a wall, and entertained by the deliberation whether its eyes should be burned out. There is not one character of honour, strength, or ordinary human intellect in the whole play—except the poor boy, who only speaks a sentence or two beyond the one scene with Hubert; and the Bastard is a mere libel and blot on English courage and virtue (see his mean speech on Commodity). As for Constance, if your girls care to study good scolding, they may see it fresh and natural in Billingsgate, without the forced and loathsome death-metaphors with which the stage-effect is garnished. Have any of them ever read my 'Strait Gate' with any vestige of attention? It is the most important educational piece I ever wrote, and touches, as near as I can word it, all I have to say in this my old age concerning the weakness of so many young women of good fiery gifts, 'who think it finer to be a sybil or witch than a useful housewife.' But Constance is neither a sybil nor a witch, and never speaks a word nor thinks a thought that is either becoming or availing."

I am indebted to *To-Day* for the following literary anecdote, which needs no comment. Some time ago Mr. Eric Mackay wrote a "poem" in honour of Mr. Swinburne. Mr. Swinburne did not acknowledge the receipt of the copy of the *World* containing the "poem," so Mr. Mackay wrote to Mr. Swinburne, saying that, though he meant to include the poem in his new book, he should omit Mr. Swinburne's name. To which Mr. Swinburne replied—

Mr. Swinburne begs to inform Mr. Mackay—whose name is unknown to him—that he did receive the number of the *World* inquired about, and is happy to learn that the lines inscribed to him which appeared in it will not reappear under that inscription.

The "Sister Songs" of Mr. Francis Thompson, reviewed by Professor Dowden in another column, were inspired by the Misses Monica and Madeline Meynell, the two daughters of Mrs. Wilfrid Meynell. Mrs. Meynell, it will be remembered, is the poet whose work has received the high commendation of Mr. Coventry Patmore and other well-known critics. Of a recent article by Mrs. Meynell in the *Pall Mall Gazette* upon Signora Duse, Mr. George Meredith has expressed the opinion that it reached the high-water mark of literary criticism in our time.

The new journal entitled *The Success*, which has entered the field against *Tit-Bits* and similar periodicals, although edited by Mr. David Meldrum—the well-known writer on sport—is actually, I understand, a new enterprise on the part of Dr. Robertson Nicoll. Dr. Nicoll not only edits the *Bookman*, the *British Weekly*, the *Expositor*, and the *Expositor's Bible*, but he is also, I believe, mainly responsible for the *Woman at Home*, a magazine which bears upon its title-page the name of Annie S. Swan. Dr. Nicoll is at present spending a well-earned holiday at Mürren.

Whatever reproach may have attended it in the past, it cannot be said that the Chair of History at Cambridge fails to attract public notice to-day. I hear that Mr. R. E. Prothero is to edit Professor Seeley's posthumous work, "Lectures on English Foreign Policy in the Eighteenth Century," and I hear further that Lord Acton is revising his own recent lecture at Cambridge, and that it will be published very soon, with some interesting notes. Lord Acton's next lecture, which will be delivered in October, will deal with the French Revolution. C. K. S.

THE INFLUENCE OF MR. JOWETT.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The publication of Mr. J. A. Symonds' "Life and Letters" has led to a good deal of writing about "the influence" of Mr. Jowett, by gentlemen or ladies who did not know the Master. I did know him. I knew him first when I was fourteen (we met on the Table of Lorne). He was the tutor of two of my uncles, and my own. I have frequently walked and talked with that best and most loyal of friends: in town, in the country, at Oxford, as a boy, an undergraduate, a Fellow of my College, and after leaving Merton for good I saw much of the Master. That he loved a prig, that he taught "scepticism," that he was other than wise, generous, kind, full of encouragement, comfort, consolation, I never should have discovered.

A different kind of impression has been made on reviewers of Mr. Symonds' Life. The author of "Latter-Day Pagans" in the *Quarterly* is not the most severe of Mr. Jowett's critics. This gentleman writes on Mr. Symonds and Mr. Pater, in "the historical present," like Miss Broughton in her otherwise admirable novels. Oxford, it seems, made men "rhetoricians and sophists," and "sceptics, if they fell under Jowett's influence." Well, the times were sceptical, but then that was not the Master's fault. The reviewer finds the Master's pages shrouded in "a luminous haze," hiding "crévas-ses." Mr. Symonds was "hurled down a crévasse"—that is, there was a row at Magdalen, his college, about what I don't know; but nobody could say "Jowett was at the bottom of it," whatever it may have been. Mr. Symonds recovered health and equanimity, after the row; and "consulted the oracle at Balliol." What did he do that for? A man should do what he can, there is no use in consulting oracles. The poor Master was always being appealed to, as if he had been the Delphic Apollo. He even occasionally uttered responses unasked, advising me, *moi qui parle*, to be a solicitor. That was only his fun. He, very wisely, gave Mr. Symonds "something craggy to break his mind against," the translation of Zeller's excellent "History of Greek Philosophy," a work "by a certain Zeller, a German," says the reviewer. "A certain Zeller" is good! "Symonds gave his unfinished manuscript to another, who has, no doubt, printed his Zeller in English." The "other" was Miss Frances Alleyne, who lived to accomplish the stern and useful task from which Mr. Symonds, not unnaturally, shrank. It is a large and admirable piece of work, worth a wilderness of sonnets from the Italian.

The Master knew that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," and nobody could be idle who was resolute in translating Zeller. He is not gay, but he is meritorious and business-like. Now what

should the Master have advised a young man of leisure and talent to do? He himself was an eager and indefatigable translator, and he counselled others to do as he did himself. However, the pupil preferred, we are told, "to wait for a revelation or a crisis." What was the matter with Mr. Symonds? Exactly what ailed Cowper: *nothing to do!* Zeller was something to do. Finally, of course, Mr. Symonds did a great deal, a wonderful amount of work, of his own choosing, not of Mr. Jowett's. He had not a creative genius, like his fellow-sufferer, Mr. Stevenson, who, for one, never wailed, never complained, never asked theological questions, but worked because he simply had to work. To have to work for bread and butter is the salvation of a man, and Mr. Jowett knew it

transition." All ages are ages of transition; but, unluckily, we are conscious of the fact. Young men came up all jolly and gay from school, to find faiths and ideas in the melting-pot. Some waxed sad as night; some went over to Rome; some talked nonsense about Paganism and Greek ideals. We cannot bring back the mastodon, we cannot bring back Greek ideals (except those of courage and patriotism); we cannot bring back the Stuarts, or the Ages of Faith—or anything. Most young men saw that, and went about their business. A few, like Mr. Symonds, had no business to go about. Mr. Jowett told them to stand for Parliament, to be called to the Bar, to translate Zeller, to enter solicitors' offices (like me), or (like me again), to "write a great book." I wrote a big one. I

don't think the Master read it, however.

Men are not to be pupils all their life long; they must act for themselves. The Master's personal strength, his obvious satisfaction and repose (the reward of a noble nature and a virtuous self-denying life) made troubled inquirers think that he had a "secret." So they were always "consulting the oracle." No oracle, were it that of Amphiaraus, can satisfy everybody. The Master's real lesson was that of his example. Let us live as he lived—for others, for work, for duty, for friendship—and we shall inherit his calm. He did not, when I knew him, bemuse himself over the conundrum of the universe. He had a faith *à son devis*, and it sufficed for him, even if, perhaps, it did not at all points square with the Thirty-nine Articles. He once or twice conversed with myself about miracles, but his was an infantile ignorance of the subject. Miracles, if anything, are only too common, but he could not be induced to see this. He had not really studied the miraculous, and on that point he might be called sceptical; yet he probably believed in David Hume's celebrated Argument, which proves, of course, that he had not thought deeply or



THE CHILD AND THE CHERRIES.—BY JOHN RUSSELL, R.A.

The only Picture by this famous English Pastellist exhibited in the Louvre.

very well. So he suggested the good stout laborious Zeller, and, as Mr. Symonds lacked some qualities of a great historian, and lacked the opportunities of a man in perfect health, Mr. Jowett did not advise so injudiciously. No man ever was more awake to his own deficiencies in historical gifts than Mr. Symonds, so there is nothing invidious in admitting that his self-criticism, though too severe, was not without some foundation. He was, it appears, congenitally sceptical; neither Mr. Jowett nor anybody else could have found a faith for such a man. But that Mr. Jowett could and did confirm a faith sorely enough tried, nobody knows better than he who now writes. If Mr. Pater and Mr. Symonds "preferred the Anthology to Sophocles or Æschylus" (which I do not for a moment believe that they did!), was that Mr. Jowett's fault? If they were melancholy, was that the fault of the brave and humorous Master? Nobody will say so.

Mr. Jowett lived, like most people, "in an age of

read much on the subject. I do not know any other fault in the intellectual, and I know none at all (except a humorous crispness in his way of snubbing a donkey) in the moral, character of the Master. And, as the Delphic Oracle said about Cyrene, if critics who were not at Balliol know the Master better than I, who was, I congratulate them on their cleverness.

Many attractive steamer trips have been arranged by Messrs. Pirrie, Hope, and Co., of Newcastle-on-Tyne. The *Midnight Sun* will leave Tilbury on Oct. 17 for a three-weeks' cruise to Lisbon, Tangiers, Madeira, and the Canary Islands, and anyone who has visited these places will recommend them for delightful scenery and as pleasant spots for the traveller. Or, at the end of August, there is a three-weeks' cruise to the capitals of the Baltic in the *Norve King*; and in September the *Midnight Sun* starts for a cruise round the United Kingdom. Other trips are also in prospect.

Sir Arthur Arnold (Chairman). W. H. Dickinson.
J. W. Egan. C. Harrison.



J. Stuart. Sir J. Blundell Maple. Sir J. Lubbock. C. T. Ritchie. J. McDougall. W. Beachcroft. Earl Carrington. Lord Tweedmouth. Lord Wolley. John Burns. A. Hoare. C. A. Whitmore. Sir John Hutton. Duke of Norfolk. B. L. Cohen. Sir H. Farguhar.

A MEETING OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

The newspapers have already explained the causes of the Radical overthrow in the General Election; and just when you think you are safely rid of the subject, the monthly reviews take up the wondrous tale. In the *Nineteenth Century*, for instance, the Rev. Guinness Rogers raises a dignified Nonconformist wail, and in the *Contemporary* Mr. H. W. Massingham plays the Spartan boy, with the fox gnawing his vitals. There is an agreeable diversion in Mr. Sidney Low's article in the *Fortnightly*, which treats of the fictitious elements in the constitutional theory of Ministerial responsibility. But the polemics of the month are not exhilarating, even though Mr. Frederic Harrison in the *Nineteenth Century* falls upon Mr. Mallock's grammar. This outrage, I suppose, will be avenged in Mr. Mallock's next novel. Miss Helen Zimmern tells us in *Blackwood* that a certain Italian sage does not believe in Parliaments. Well, Carlyle said all there was to say on that head many years ago, and Parliaments still go blundering on for want of any more attractive method of mismanaging public affairs. It may be taken for granted that the democracy will never entrust its business to sages who are apt to turn dyspepsia into a philosophy. In the *Contemporary*, Canon Knox Little is very indignant with people who use "sacerdotalism" and "clericalism" as terms of reproach; and he proceeds to show us that divorce is wicked, and that Christian marriage is indissoluble. I express no opinion on those high matters; but the Canon's reasoning suggests that clerical logic differs essentially, and no doubt for the better, from the merely secular system. I understand that the "Peculiar People," while holding it to be wrong to call in medical aid for the benefit of a sick child, do not hesitate to summon a veterinary surgeon for a sick donkey, because "there is nothing about animals in the Bible." I am reminded of this by Canon Knox Little's adroit handling of the opinions of St. Paul. When the Canon agrees with Paul, it is because the latter is fortified by divine authority; and when the Apostle has the misfortune to differ from the Canon, it is because Paul, in that instance, lays no claim to inspiration. The knottiest point in theology cannot withstand this treatment.

Is Mr. Traill also among the Socialists? In the *National Review* he administers a severe rebuke to the "extremely thoughtless and selfish conduct" of well-to-do and irresponsible persons who crowd London in the season instead of going abroad, and who go abroad in August just when deserving people are taking their hard-earned holiday. Evidently, something must be done by the State in the way of compulsory altruism, and I expect to find Mr. Traill in the *Daily Chronicle* before long advocating a holiday tax to be levied on the "extremely thoughtless and selfish," who will be required by statute to stay at home when the toilers are refreshing themselves on the Continent. There is an article by Vernon Lee in the *Fortnightly*, which also seems to point to peremptory legislation. Vernon Lee complains that some music violates the "privacy of the soul." I can see a whole vista of Acts of Parliament designed to protect the soul from intrusion. According to Miss Evelyn Phillips, in the *New Review*, the New Journalism is the chief offender. An artist was called upon by the representative of an illustrated paper, who came ostensibly to see "heads" at two guineas apiece, and casually remarked, "Perhaps you would like a leading article on your work at five guineas." This is the kind of thing against which an artist's soul ought to be safeguarded. Then there was an editor of "considerable standing" who said to a contributor, "I don't want wit, I don't want fancy, I don't want even grammar—give me sensation." Are the souls of contributors to be exposed to this? The soul of Mr. Andrew Lang, I am glad to learn from the *Contemporary*, is not harassed by "Wesley's Ghost." This was the spirit of a Jacobite gentleman who rapped a very vigorous protest when the Rev. John Wesley offered up prayer for the Hanoverian dynasty. Mr. Lang throws over the Jacobite ghost, which is rather surprising, and ascribes the raps to hallucination or to the playfulness of Mr. Wesley's neighbours. However, Mr. Lang has not deserted Joan of Arc's "Voices." They turn up in his paper on "Midsummer Night's Dream," in *Harper's*, and they must have inspired the curious suggestion that because Darwin found Shakspeare dull, there is no particular good in scientific knowledge. Nay, Mr. Lang goes so far as to hint that mankind is no better for the printing-press, although without that invention we should not have Joan of Arc in nearly all the magazines every month! After this, I hope the ghost of Caxton will keep up a horrible rapping at the head of Mr. Lang's bed. Mr. William Archer tops the infinite of eulogy in an article on Eleonora Duse in the *Fortnightly*. I feel like the American gentleman who, before retiring to rest, used to wave his hand at a printed copy of a religious exercise on the wall, and exclaim, "Them's my sentiments!" After Mr. Archer's article there is no more to be said on this theme.

In the *Pall Mall Magazine* Mr. Robert Hichens tells a cat-story which I was unwise enough to read at bedtime. I was haunted all night by the glare of a cat's eyes in the darkness. Perhaps it is the irritation of sleeplessness which makes me protest against the idea of a man marrying a girl who is the reincarnation of a white cat which he tortured to death when he was a bad cruel boy. Isn't this pitching the marvellous just a little too strong? There is a story of Le Fanu's called "Camilla," in which a lady vampire who has been dead a hundred years comes out of a coffin full of gore to suck the blood of unsuspecting people by whom she is supposed to be a real live woman. In extravagance this beats the cat-story hollow, and it hardly seems worth the while of so clever a writer as Mr. Hichens to make

experiments in the same vein. His tale in the *New Review*, "A Wolf's Life," is better, though rather overstrained. I hope nobody will offer a prize of four hundred pounds for the best story about reincarnated animals. Miss Mary Wilkins won the American competition in detective romances, and her work appears in *Chapman's Magazine*. I cannot pretend to be overjoyed to see a writer of such delicate talent employing it in the kind of fiction to which it is wholly unsuited. For the rest, *Chapman's* is an excellent number. There is a charming sketch by Mr. Edwin Pugh, and Miss Violet Hunt's serial story grows in strength. The *English Illustrated* has a bright story by Mr. Max Pemberton, and a paper by Mr. Radcliffe Cooke on the humours of the elections. Somehow, elections are not so humorous as they used to be, though Mr. Cooke's anecdote of the orator who had made an impassioned appeal to the "rising generation," and then discovered that his watch was gone, deserves a place in the history of political evolution. I do not remember the name of Thomas Wharton among American story-tellers, but in "Bobbo," which this writer has contributed to *Harper's*, there is so much grace, humour, and pathos that, as Bottom would say, "I shall desire your further acquaintance, good Master Wharton." Canon Knox Little ought to be interested in the poetry of the Rev. T. E. Brown in the *New Review*. There is certainly no "sacerdotalism" in a lyre which embraces Swinburne and Ingoldsby in one audacious and bewildering sweep. L. F. AUSTIN.

THE TOWER OF THOMAS THE RHYMER.

In August 1893 the late Professor Veitch penned a circular to his fellow-members of the Border Counties Association and all who are interested on behalf of raising money for the purchase of the old tower associated with Thomas the Rhymer at Earlston, Berwickshire. The Professor did not know another relic in the Lowlands of Scotland more interesting in its association with ancient Border story, legend, and poetry than this crumbling ruin, which takes us back about six hundred years. This effort has been crowned with success: the tower and two cottages adjoining



THOMAS THE RHYMER'S TOWER, EARLSTON.

have become the property of the Border Counties Association for all time coming, at a cost of about £250. Among the largest subscribers were the Duke of Buccleuch, Marquis of Bute, Lord Rosebery, Andrew Lang, and Colonel Hope of Cowdenknowes, in the neighbourhood. A tablet, with a suitable inscription and a verse of poetry from Scott's ballad of "Thomas the Rhymer," has been let into the wall of the old tower, and was unveiled on Aug. 2 by Mr. Wallace Bruce, late United States Consul, Edinburgh, before a large and distinguished gathering. A dinner was afterwards held in Earlston Corn Exchange, Colonel Hope of Cowdenknowes presiding.

The ballad of Sir Walter Scott has embalmed the tradition of legends regarding Thomas the Rhymer, who flourished about the end of the thirteenth century. He is said to have foretold to the Earl of March the death of Alexander III., the continuance of the Haig family in Bemsyde, and the result of a great battle near Stirling (Bannockburn). The glamour of romance rests upon his adventures in fairyland. Besides the gift of prophecy, he was suspected of magic. In Mrs. Craik's fairy story of "Alice Learmont," which dates from the neighbourhood, True Thomas figures as one of the characters. Dr. J. A. H. Murray in 1875 edited with care and intelligence for the English Text Society "The Romance and Prophecies of Thomas of Ercildoune," printed from five manuscripts, and added copious notes. In the parish church is a stone with this inscription: "Auld Rhymer, race Lyeys in this place." In the beginning of the eighteenth century an eccentric person named James Blaikie lived on Leader Side, just opposite the Rhymer's Tower, who dug his own grave, daily had his devotions in it, and also prepared his own coffin and tombstone, which is adorned with a very pietistic inscription.

The tablet in the old tower was designed by D. W. Stevenson, R.S.A., and bears this inscription from Scott's ballad—

"Farewell, my father's ancient tower,
A long farewell," said he;
"The scene of pleasure, pomp, or power
Thou never more shalt be."

The arrangements on the inauguration day were carefully and efficiently planned by Mr. Thomas Usher, the secretary of the Border Counties Association.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Sir Edward Malet, I hear, is about to leave the diplomatic service, and by his retirement her Majesty no doubt loses a valuable servant. But valuable as his services unquestionably have been, it should not be inferred for a moment that Sir Edward is a great genius, or that there will arise the slightest difficulty in adequately replacing him. Nay, it is just because Sir Edward is not a genius and has never attempted to pose as one that he fulfils the requirements of a latter-day ambassador. A Metternich *père*, a Talleyrand, or even a Bismarck, would, I fear, not answer half so well under the present conditions as a man of ordinary tact, birth, and breeding; and justice compels one to state that he had all these and more.

I am writing this away from all my notes and books of reference, but unless my memory plays me false, I am under the impression that Sir (then Mr.) Edward Malet was the dark, lank-haired young man I used to notice frequently by the side of the late Lord Lyons towards the end of the Second Empire; and if I am right, Sir Edward was brought up in an excellent school. The successor of Lord Cowley and the predecessor to Lord Lytton in Paris detested what, for want of a better term, I must call showy, sensational diplomacy, and above all hole-and-corner and burrowing diplomacy; and in the days when Lord Lyons took up his quarters in the erstwhile Hôtel Charost in the Faubourg St. Honoré, it required a good deal of courage on the part of an ambassador to set his face against the tactics of a von der Goltz, a Nigra, and a Metternich *fils*, not to speak of the successors to a Kisseleff and the rest, nearly all of whom were wedded to the old traditions, and, if anything, tried to improve upon them—that is, tried to outwit one another. Their idea was not to face a problem openly, but to worry it, or else to attack it from behind a woman's petticoats.

A woman's petticoats: I have written the words, let them stand. The woman was the Empress. The Prussian Ambassador was supposed to be madly in love with her. There was nothing very surprising in that, for Napoleon the Third's wife was beautiful enough to turn any man's head; and after all, George Villiers' passion for Anne of Austria neither lowered him in the estimation of the courtiers of Charles I. and Louis XIII., nor roused the displeasure of his royal master. It is very probable that von der Goltz's royal master passed a very lenient verdict on his Ambassador's infatuation, for Wilhelm I. of Prussia himself was very susceptible to woman's charms, and during the Empress Eugénie's frequent excursions to Schwalbach—after a more than usually violent "flare-up" at the Tuileries—the future Emperor of Germany saw a good deal of her, and could not but come to the conclusion that von der Goltz was, perhaps, "not his own master" with regard to his feelings. A different kind of critic and judge of "those soft nothings" was Bismarck. He had no patience with that "sort of nonsense," and if he shut his eyes to it for some time, it may have been because he considered that an admirer of the von der Goltz type might worm a secret or two out of an idol of the Empress's type.

Nay, some people have asserted since that von der Goltz's infatuation was a clever bit of acting, not inspired, but probably sanctioned by Bismarck. Metternich and Nigra professed ardent admiration also, but not of the same character. At any rate, all three never missed an opportunity of approaching the Empress and entering into political discussions with the woman who considered herself a Catherine of Russia, an Elizabeth of England, a Maria Theresa of Austria, a Madame de Maintenon, and a Princess Adelaide rolled into one. There is no doubt about their trying to influence her. They knew or suspected that for two years before the Austro-French War Cavour had not disdained to take an actress of the Comédie Française into his confidence in order to work upon Plon-Plon's feelings; they had heard it whispered, perhaps, that Lord Malmesbury while he was Secretary for Foreign Affairs had enlisted the sympathy of Miss Howard on one occasion when no other influence would avail, and they followed suit.

I am not at all certain that Lord Cowley did not avail himself of the same means, especially in the beginning of the Second Empire; but I am positive that Lord Lyons never did. He was honest—according to his own lights—and his honesty shrank from embarking on petticoat intrigue. I have an idea that, had he decided to do otherwise, he might have succeeded quite as well as the others, for in spite of his habitual reserve Lord Lyons could be very fascinating when he liked. But his innate honesty forbade, and I am not prepared to say that he was inordinately fond of Empress Eugénie. He was, perhaps, apt to draw involuntary comparison between her kittenish, voluble ways and the dignified behaviour of the royal mistress whom he served. Consequently he found out too late, probably, that he could be no factor in preventing the Franco-German War, at the beginning of which and till Sept. 4 both Nigra and Metternich played an important if not altogether avoidable part. Lord Lyons could comfort himself with one thing: he had been honest throughout, and when he sent Mr. Malet to Ferrières, the disciple could lay the same flattering unction to his soul. It is probably on that account that the Emperor Wilhelm hailed his succession to the post left vacant by his relative, Lord Ampthill, with delight; it is probably on that account that Wilhelm's son and grandson valued Sir Edward more than any ambassador at their Court.

THE DISCOVERY OF A NEW RACE IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

There was a time when picnics took place in the "Kuds" at Simla: on these occasions when there chanced to be a deficiency in the number of plates or cups and saucers, a communication came from Hoot Koomi, the Mahatma of Tibet, giving directions where to dig, and there the necessary pottery was discovered. Professor Flinders Petrie must either be Hoot-Koomi himself, or he must be in very close communication with that mysterious personage, for he appears to know always the exact spot at which to dig when pottery is wanted. Most certainly his last season's excavations were in the right place, for he has discovered the existence of a race of people that lived in the Nile Valley about three thousand years B.C., that have never been heard of before; and by means of their remains, which he has dug up, and which have been on exhibition for a short time in the University College, Gower Street, he has so materialised these people that we already seem to see them in the flesh and know everything about them.

The ground where the explorations were carried on is between Ballas and Nagada, about thirty miles below Thebes. The border of the desert at the spot is on the west side, about three miles from the Nile. Here is a plateau about 1400 ft. above the river, up to which, at a far past date, the waters reached, when its volume must have been fifty times more than that which now flows north to the sea. On this ancient river margin, among gravel exactly the same as the river gravels of England and France, were found, as in them, the same paleolithic remains, of which a valuable collection has been secured, and forms part of the Professor's exhibition. These, of course, are the leavings of man as he existed long before the "New Race" appeared on the scene, or even before the ancient Egyptian had begun his career. It was along this line, on the edge of the desert, that the remains of the New Race were found. The time of their occupation can be determined within certain limits. The date of somewhere about B.C. 3000, which Professor Flinders Petrie assumes, would place them between the VIIth and IXth Dynasties. It is known that Egypt was for a long period in a troubled state about that time, and the New Race may be supposed to have

now one of the important tests of progress among primitive races. The pottery found—and it is plentiful enough—is all hand made, and very accurately formed. The power these people had of precision in their work is seen in a collection of small vases of alabaster, porphyry, breccia, and other hard stone, and the perfection of form that is produced—which must have been all done by some rubbing process with the hand—is really wonderful. Although they had this capacity with the hand and eye, yet their art is of the rudest. Among the Illustrations will be found an example or two of their efforts in producing models of the human type. These particular examples are pointed out by Professor Flinders Petrie as representing

palm-branch, and a bow and arrow are found on the crosstrees. Ranges of hills are represented on both sides of the galley, and ostriches stride along, giving life to the scene. This picture is about five thousand years old—without doubt, it is entitled to rank as an "Old Master"—and it suggests the question as to whether any other landscape of that age exists. The Professor has also brought home some of the skulls of this New Race, which may perhaps throw light on the type they belong to. Although 5000 years old, some of them retain portions of hair, which they must have worn long: this is indicated by the length of the teeth on their combs. Many bones were found, and, from certain appearances, Professor Flinders

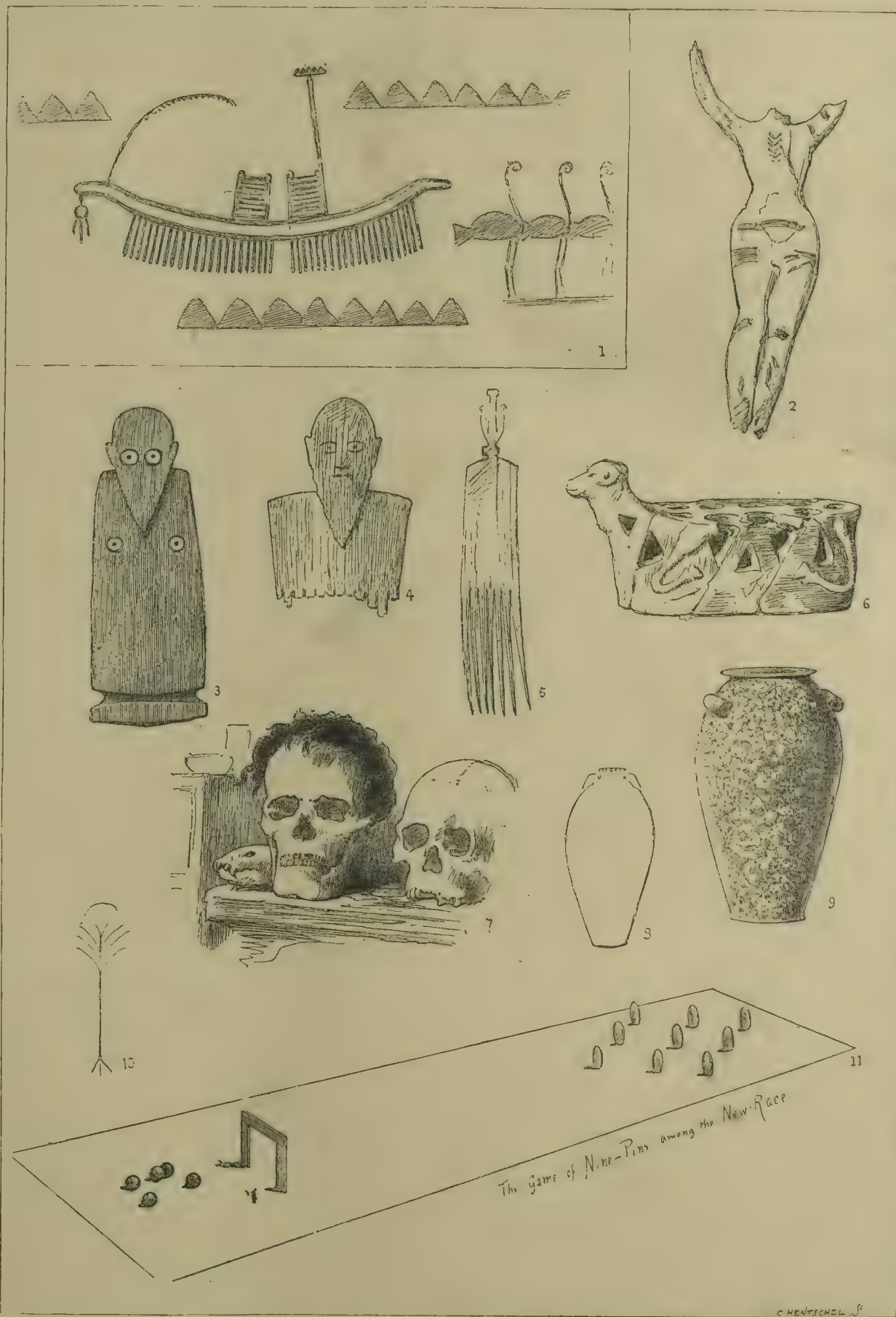
Petrie infers that they had funereal rites, which he describes as "ceremonial cannibalism." They used green paint, made from malachite, for marking round their eyes, and the slate palettes on which this was ground were found in large numbers. These people amused themselves at ninepins, and the illustration shows the form in which they were supposed to play. The pieces are formed of stone, the balls are syenite, and about the size of peas; the sort of door is formed of three strips of stone, and would be knocked down if the balls were not exactly propelled. It will be seen that already a good deal is known about this New Race, but we may be sure that as Professor Flinders Petrie has now got on their trail, he will be certain to follow them up with further exploration and discoveries.

After an interval of two years the Court of St. James's is about to receive another Greek Minister. M. Nicholas Mavrocordato, who is at present at Constantinople, is to be transferred to the more important diplomatic centre of London. The last Greek Minister in England was M. Genadius, who made himself *persona gratissima* in society by the charm of his manners and his scholarly tastes. The Greek Government have come to the conclusion that diplomacy can no longer be neglected, and two other Greek Ministers have been appointed on the Continent.

The Moore and Burgess Minstrels are once more installed in St. James's Hall, which has been finely decorated and is now entirely lighted by electricity. The seats are now cushioned, and the ventilation improved. The programme includes a

revival of the tableaux of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," brightened by new scenery and other admirable features.

There are to be many delightful fêtes in Antwerp, commencing on Aug. 10. The freedom of the Scheldt will be celebrated by picturesque regattas and other interesting functions. The King of the Belgians is expected to witness on Aug. 15 a "Cortège Naval," and the beautiful city of Antwerp will doubtless look its best. The Great Eastern Railway Company announce that intending visitors leaving London any week-day evening, or the chief Northern and Midland towns any afternoon, will reach Antwerp via Harwich early on the following morning.



1. Ancient Galley, painted on a Vase, with hills and ostriches.
2. Figure with tattooing marks on body.
3. Figure showing type of mark followed by the New Race.
4. Portion of an Ivory Comb, with human head.

5. Ivory Comb.
6. Piece of Pottery, in form of a bull, supposed to have held charcoal as a foot-warmer.
7. Skulls of New Race, with hair still remaining.

8. Slate Palette, used to grind malachite, with which this race of people painted their eyes and faces.
9. Porphyry Vase, hand made.
10. One of the marks scratched on pots, supposed to be the nearest approach to writing practised by the New Race.
11. The Game of Ninepins.

THE DISCOVERY OF A NEW RACE IN ANCIENT EGYPT BY PROFESSOR FLINDERS PETRIE.

been some of the invaders that led to this condition of things. The guess is that they were Libyans, but as yet nothing can be settled exactly as to who they were. Everything belonging to these people appears to be different from that of the Egyptians. They did not mummify the dead, but buried them in a doubled-up position. The articles, such as scarabs, amulets, etc., which are found among Egyptian remains are entirely absent. They did not seem to have any system of writing, so hieroglyphics or characters of any kind do not exist. Some jars have scratched marks on them, which the Professor thinks only served the purpose of identification by the owner. Their civilisation had not reached the potter's wheel—that instrument being

"the high water-mark" of artistic capacity among the New Race. One of the Illustrations shows another form of art which is highly interesting. It is copied from a vase, and although in monochrome, it might be described as a "sketch in colour," and in the catalogue of a sale this might appear as a "Landscape with shipping." Professor Flinders Petrie explains it as representing a galley with two cabins, rowed with oars, and he points out that there is no indication of a sail on the mast; the only thing upon it is a crosstree, which forms a kind of standard indicating either the name of the boat or the tribe it belongs to. The one in the Illustration has as an ensign "five hills," but others have three and four hills, while an elephant, a



1. The Emperor Maximilian Lost on the Martinswand near Innsbruck. 2. A Buck Watching a Hunter. 3. Success at Last.
CHAMOIS-DRIVING.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: HEROES OF THE CONFLICT.



Photo Fall.
H. S. SAMUEL.—C.
Tower Hamlets, Limehouse.
Defeated W. M. Thompson.
2661 to 2671.



Photo Gunn and Stuart.
T. SKEWES-COX.—C.
Surrey, Kingston.
Defeated C. Burt.
5745 to 3595.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
M. D'ARCY WYVILL.—C.
Yorkshire, Otley.
Defeated Sir J. Barran.
4670 to 4622.



Photo Byrne and Co.
F. W. FISON.—C.
Yorkshire, Doncaster.
Defeated J. Walton.
6098 to 5957.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
A. R. SOUTTAR.—L.
Dumfriesshire.
Defeated W. J. Maxwell.
3989 to 3976.



Photo Bassano.
CAPTAIN E. PRETYMAN.—C.
Suffolk, Woodbridge.
Defeated R. L. Everett.
5410 to 4778.



Photo Gregson.
J. RUTHERFORD.—C.
Lancashire, Darwen.
Defeated C. P. Huntingdon.
7058 to 6217.



Photo J. Edwards.
E. F. G. HATCH.—C.
Lancashire, Gorton.
Defeated Dr. Pankhurst.
5865 to 4261.



Photo A. Good.
HON. R. A. WARD.—C.
Cheshire, Crewe.
Defeated W. S. McLaren.
5413 to 4863.



Photo Elliott.
C. A. CRIPPS.—C.
Gloucestershire, Stroud.
Defeated C. P. Allen.
5175 to 4514.



Photo Cotes.
C. J. MONK.—U.
Gloucester.
Defeated S. Wells.
3264 to 2791.



Photo L. Varney.
HON. DOUGLAS-PENNANT.—C.
South Northamptonshire.
Defeated D. C. Guthrie.
4553 to 3324.



Photo Mayall and Co.
J. BRIGG.—L.
Yorkshire, Keighley.
Defeated W. Bairstow.
5036 to 4196.



Photo Fall.
W. P. MILBANK.—C.
Radnorshire.
Defeated F. Edwards.
1949 to 1868.



Photo A. H. Cade.
F. W. WILSON.—L.
Mid-Norfolk.
Defeated R. T. Gurdon.
4220 to 4036.



Photo Lovethian.
G. DOUGHTY.—L.
Great Grimsby.
Defeated E. Heneage.
4317 to 4166.



Photo Houlton.
CAPTAIN CHALONER.—C.
Wiltshire, Westbury.
Defeated G. P. Fuller.
4497 to 4331.



Photo MacMahon.
R. B. FINLAY.—U.
Inverness Burghs.
Defeated H. Bell.
1846 to 1596.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
W. T. HOWELL.—C.
Denbigh District.
Defeated W. H. Morgan.
1833 to 1604.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
J. HUTTON.—C.
Yorkshire, Richmond.
Defeated E. R. Turton.
4555 to 3971.



Photo Russell and Sons.
E. A. GOULDING.—C.
Wiltshire, Devizes.
Defeated C. E. Hobhouse.
4114 to 3637.



Photo Barrand, Liverpool.
J. S. GILLIAT.—C.
Lancashire, Widnes.
Defeated H. W. Deacon.
3973 to 3456.



Photo Baum.
C. P. SCOTT.—L.
Lancashire, Leigh.
Defeated W. A. Fitzgerald.
5130 to 4453.



Photo R. Stewart.
J. E. GORDON.—C.
Elgin and Nairn.
Defeated J. Seymour Keay.
2147 to 2019.



Photo Vandyk.
MAJOR JAMESON.—A.-P.
West Clare.
Defeated Rochfort Maguire.
3376 to 2973.



Photo Graham.
HON. R. G. VERNEY.—C.
Warwickshire, Rugby.
Defeated J. Corrie Grant.
4354 to 4070.



Photo Clare.
R. MCKENNA.—L.
North Monmouthshire.
Defeated H. Williams.
4965 to 4203.



Photo A. E. Coe.
SIR H. BULLARD.—C.
Norwich.
Defeated F. W. Verney.
8034 to 7210.

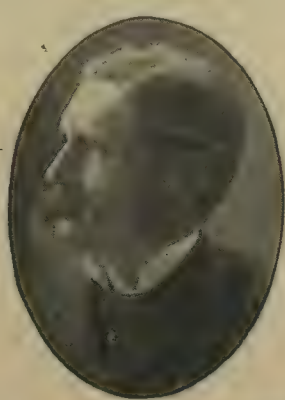


Photo Mendelssohn.
T. RICHARDSON.—U.
Hartlepool.
Defeated Sir C. Furness.
4803 to 4772.



Photo Alice Hughes.
EARL OF DALKEITH.—C.
Roxburghshire.
Defeated Hon. M. Napier.
2929 to 2368.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Many of my readers are, no doubt, familiar with that curious animal, which is undoubtedly half bird and half mammal, the *Ornithorhynchus*, or duck-billed water-mole of Australia. This animal possesses the bill and webbed feet of the duck, while many parts of its skeleton are more bird than quadruped-like; and with such characters we find united those of the mammal in the possession of hair and in sundry other anatomical details. The *Ornithorhynchus*, along with its companions the *Echidnas*, or porcupine ant-eaters of Australia, represents the lowest type of mammal. The kangaroos and their kith and kin are much lower than our dogs, cats, horses, deer, bats, and the like, the inferiority being seen not only in the brain-structure, but also in other parts of the frame, and more especially in those related to the reproductive system. But, in turn, the duck-billed water-mole and *Echidnas* are much lower than the kangaroos. They actually lay eggs like birds, and the eggs have big yolks like those of the bird-class, so that in the development of these groundlings among the quadrupeds are found some remarkable affinities to the flying vertebrates.

When the *Ornithorhynchus* was first discovered, and a stuffed specimen brought to Europe, somewhere about the close of last century, a naturalist of repute, Dr. Shaw, seeing an animal with the bill of a duck and the body and hair of a quadruped, did not hesitate to express the opinion that the specimen was a manufactured monstrosity. But subsequent examination of a fresh, or rather preserved, specimen showed that the animal had a real personality, and that it was what later science recognises it to be, a found link between birds and mammalia. Some few years ago Mr. Caldwell, of the University of Oxford, proceeding to Australia, discovered the eggs of the *Ornithorhynchus*, and settled the moot point as to its mode of reproduction. But if any of my readers care to turn up Marryat's "Pacha of Many Tales" they will find in the astounding narrative of the seaman an allusion to a beast (evidently the *Ornithorhynchus*) which lays eggs like a bird. I need not emphasise the opposing fact that even in the low-class kangaroos and in all other and higher mammals the young are born alive. How Marryat came to a knowledge, if knowledge it was, that the duck-billed water-mole laid eggs I know not. What I do know is, that science became fully aware of the fact only a few years gone by, and that Marryat's "Pacha" is very old reading now.

Turning over the pages of "Todd's Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology," bearing date 1839-47, and looking over Sir R. Owen's article on the *Ornithorhynchus* and its kind in Vol. III. (article "Monotremata") of that work, I find, however, an allusion to the eggs of the animal. Owen writes that Geoffrey St. Hilaire had a strong belief in the egg-laying habits of the creature—a belief which, it is added, was strengthened "by some accounts from New South Wales respecting the discovery of the eggs of the *Ornithorhynchus*." Owen gives a reference in this relation to the "Linnean Transactions," XIII. p. 621. Owen himself seems to be in doubt regarding these egg-laying habits. He remarks that "if the *Ornithorhynchus* were oviparous its eggs must be disproportionately small compared with those of birds"; and indicates certain points which, in his opinion, militate against the idea that the animal resembles birds in this respect. There is no doubt whatever now that the animal does lay eggs, from which the young are afterwards hatched. I suspect the fact of the animal thus producing its young in bird-like fashion must have been known in Australia for many a long year before science awoke to the idea that the statement was more than mere rumour. The reference to the "Linnean Transactions" I have given might easily be verified, and perhaps some Fellow of the Society, resident nearer the library than I happen to be, will send me an excerpt of the reference mentioned by Owen. Marryat may very well have heard of the egg-laying habits alluded to in the "Pacha of Many Tales," just as St. Hilaire had heard accounts of these habits in his turn. These facts have always struck me as being specially interesting in view of the strenuous opinion of Owen, fortified by and founded on his dissections of the animal, that egg-laying was not at all a likely mode of development.

Lately another point has been discussed in connection with these curious creatures. They possess—at least the males do—a spur on the hind leg, which is connected by a fine canal with a gland placed at the back of the thigh. The male *Echidna* possesses a similar spur, but of smaller size. This apparatus bears an obvious analogy to the poison-apparatus of a snake. Owen, quoting Mr. G. Bennett, says that a living *Ornithorhynchus*, being teased and handled, made no effort to use the spur in defence. Mr. Bennett, in fact, concludes that "some other use must be found for the spur than as an offensive weapon." The absence of the spur in the female would seem to lend some support to this latter view; although, of course, even if the spur be a sexual character, limited to one sex, it by no means follows that it could not be used for defence by the male animals.

I observe that Drs. Martin and Tidswell, of the University of Sydney, have published a communication on the gland and spur. It seems that as early as 1817 the animal was noted to produce poisonous effects on a man who had been endeavouring to secure a wounded specimen. Dr. Anderson Stuart, as the result of observations, holds that the apparatus has distinctly a poisonous use, and mentions that dogs wounded by the spurs and inoculated with the poison have exhibited symptoms of poisoning. Drs. Martin and Tidswell draw an analogy between the poison of the *Ornithorhynchus* and that of some Australian snakes. The poison of the duck-billed water-mole is believed to be most virulent about June. Whether this event coincides with any special physiological activity in the animal itself, such, perchance, as egg-laying, remains to be seen. But the demonstration of a poison-apparatus in the class of quadrupeds, even if it occur in the case of a low member of the group, is itself a feature of scientifically important nature.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications on this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

H B JACKSON (Talan, Fiji).—Your efforts are very creditable considering your distance from first-rate criticism, but they are scarcely good enough for this column. The arrangement of Black Pawns in the three-mover is distinctly impossible, and it would be good practice for you to consider how in actual play they could have got where you have placed them.

W E THOMPSON.—We regret your withdrawal, but have accordingly destroyed our copies of the problems.

E S A (Northampton).—We should require the position on a diagram in any case.

W JOHNSON (Kennington).—The move you suggest will not solve No. 2671 on account of B taking P.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2670 received from Dr A R V Sastry (Mysore); of Nos. 2671 and 2672 from R S Athavale (Indore), Dr A R V Sastry, and Upendranath Maitra (Chinsurah); of No. 2673 from R S Athavale (Indore); of No. 2674 from J C Mather (Waltham); of No. 2675 from Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna); of No. 2676 from I E N (Manchester), and Professor Charles Wagner; of No. 2677 from W Mackenzie, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), S Seijas (Barcelona), Oliver Icingia, F A Carter (Maldon), J Bailey (Newark), John M S Moorat (Boulogne), and Dr F St.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2678 received from E E H, Dr F St, Alpha, W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), L Desanges, Walter Johnson (Kennington), W R Raille, H S Brandreth, Shadforth, W Wright, R H Brooks, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), J D Tucker (Leeds), C E Perugini, H Rodney, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), J S Wesley (Exeter), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), A W Murray, W P Hind, R Worters (Canterbury), Dawn, W Droyen, and H C Comber.

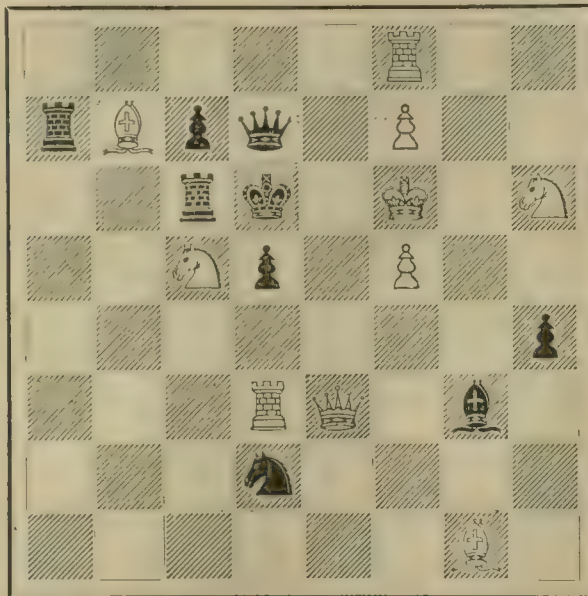
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2677.—By H. E. KIDSON.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to B 4th. Any move
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2680.

By J. M. K. LUPTON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CONSULTATION CHESS.

Gam (played at Hastings between Mr. Bird and Dr. Colbourne on one side and Messrs. Blackburne and Chapman on the other.
(From Gambit.)

WHITE (Bird & Colbourne).	BLACK (Blackburne & Chapman).	WHITE (Bird & Colbourne).	BLACK (Blackburne & Chapman).
1. P to K B 4th	P to K 4th	21. Kt to Q sq	R takes K P
2. P takes P	P to Q 3rd	22. R takes R	R takes R
3. P takes P	B takes P	23. Q takes P	Q to K 2nd
4. P to K Kt 3rd	P to K B 4th	24. R to Kt sq	
5. P to Q 4th	Kt to K B 3rd		Necessary, as R to K 8th was threatened.
6. B to Kt 5th	Q Kt to Q 2nd	24. B to Kt 2nd	B to Kt 2nd
7. P to B 3rd	P to K R 3rd	25. Kt to B 2nd	Q to K 6th
8. B takes Kt	Kt takes B	26. Kt to Kt 4th	Kt takes Kt
9. Q to Q 3rd	Castles	27. Q takes Kt	R to K 8th
10. Kt to Q 2nd	R to K sq	28. R to B sq	
11. Kt to B 4th	P to Q Kt 4th		The only move. B to B sq would lose.
		28. B to R 3rd	B to R 3rd
		29. Q to B 5th	R takes R (ch)
		30. B takes R	B takes B
		31. Q to Q B 8th (ch)	K to B 2nd
		32. Q to B 5th (ch)	K to K 2nd
		33. Q takes B	Q takes B P
		34. Q to K 2nd (ch)	K to B 2nd
			A most unfortunate slip, losing a well-fought and most interesting game. K to B sq should have been played, when the game might have been given up as drawn.
		35. Q to R 5th (ch)	K to B 3rd
		36. Q takes P	Q to K 8th (ch)
		37. K to Kt 2nd	Q to K 7th (ch)
		38. K to R 3rd	Q to B 6th (ch)
		39. K to Kt 4th	P to R 4th (ch)
		40. K to R 4th.	White wins.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played between Messrs. PILLSBURY and RYAN.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. Kt to Q 4th	Kt to Kt 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q B 3rd	13. Kt (R 4) to B 5th	P to Q 4th
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	14. Q to B 3rd	P takes P
4. B to R 4th	P to Q 3rd	15. P takes P	Kt to B 5th
5. P to Q 3rd		16. Kt to Kt 4th	Kt takes Kt
	An apparently weak move, because P to Q 4th at once is so obviously superior.	17. Q takes Kt	Kt to Kt 3rd
6. B to K 2nd	B to K 2nd	18. B to K 3rd	B to K 2nd
7. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Kt to B 3rd	19. Q R to Q sq	
8. Kt to B sq	Castles		Not only a strong move in itself, but a subtle attempt at winning a piece or the Queen by R takes B, followed by Kt to R 6th (ch).
9. Kt to K 3rd	Q to K sq	20. P to K B 4th	B to K 3rd
10. B to B 2nd		21. B takes P	P takes P
	A capital move; otherwise, Black can force off this powerful Bishop by Kt to Q 5th.	22. K to R sq	
11. Castles	B to Q sq		Another good move, which this time comes off. But in any case White had a most excellent game.
12. Kt to R 4th	Kt to K 2nd	23. Q takes Kt	B P takes Q
	This move, aiming to secure a position at B 5th, is rendered possible by Black's attempt to get his pieces over to the King's side.	24. Kt takes B (ch)	Resigns.

A new chess club is in course of formation, with its headquarters at the Pen Café, Pen Court, Fenchurch Street. For further particulars address Mr. C. Berry, 13, Old Broad Street, E.C.

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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

One of the prettiest features of the bright season that has now definitely come to an end has been the floral decorations. Perhaps the greatest changes take place in the greenery that it is fashionable to add to the flowers in different seasons. This year smilax, the pretty trailing plant that has an almost overgreen-like face to the leaves that grow so prettily out at either side of the slender stem, has been the favourite. During the last two or three years the feathery asparagus-tops were the usual adjunct to blossoms; and a few seasons ago maidenhair fern was the only green permitted by fashion, always excepting, of course, the natural foliage of the flowers used. The leaves of a plant are always of a tone of green perfectly adapted to the colour of the blossom; and there are, indeed, some plants that seem as if nothing else but their own foliage will assort with them—daffodils, for instance. But during the season in town, the flowers that are most abundant are more accommodating, roses in particular "going with" almost any foliage, and certainly being much improved for decorative purposes by having some more slender and trailing green growth than their own leaves combined with them. It is considered this year in the best taste not to use more than one, or at most three, varieties of rose in the decoration of a table. For rooms in which great masses are placed more latitude may be taken.

Fine blossoms rather than a great number is the ideal for the table flowers, since they are before the diner's eyes for so long a time that they can be individually admired. To facilitate the showing off of such special blooms, the newest vases are generally of the spiky or tubal variety, with a separate receptacle for each flower, this fact being, however, hidden from view by the arrangement of the foliage. The idea of thus separating the flowers and yet retaining the appearance of a cluster is, like many other of our modern decorative principles, borrowed from the Japanese, whose splendidly developed chrysanthemums deserve and receive such care in display for each flower. Roses are very effectively set out, too, when very large, by being placed in bowls which are covered with a wire network, exactly fitting to the brim inside, and slightly domed to the centre. The stems of the flowers, passed through the interstices of the network into the water in the bowl below, are thus kept apart, and the suitable foliage is also easily arranged as it should go by this device. Peonies have been much employed for table use this year, and generally have been seen scattered on the table-cloth, connected by trails of smilax, and tied together here and there with bows of satin ribbon, either white, to harmonise with the damask on which the decorations lie, or of a colour to match the blossoms themselves. This method of bestowing the flowers is particularly good when all the lights are on the table itself. Thus, let a lamp and a pair of candles, all shaded alike, and, as it were, tied together by trails of smilax drooping in the centre almost to touch the cloth, or a pair of silver candelabra similarly treated, be placed in the centre of the table; their bases surrounded with a daintily crumpled or prettily embroidered silk centre, matching the shades in tint—rose-pink, or lemon-yellow, or sea-green, as the case may be; and daintily laid round the centre's edge, let there be pale pink peonies or tawny yellow "Allen Richardson" or delicate pink "Rothschild," or faintly shaded white and pink "Her Majesty" roses, their stems partly showing and partly hidden by the flat trails of smilax, tied together at frequent intervals with bunches of baby-ribbon or big bows of wide ribbon; and the whole is a fashionable decoration.

Mr. Sala has been the proud possessor of "a first edition" of "Mrs. Glasse's Cookery Book," and sold it the other day. It only brought ten pounds, though there are but three or four copies of the edition known to exist. "Mrs. Glasse" is popularly supposed to begin a recipe for roasting a hare with the advice (*a bon mot* in its way and one that has passed into a proverb) "First catch your hare." But what the author really wrote was "Take your hare when it is *cased*," this word meaning skinned and cleansed. This same celebrated recipe continues in an original manner: you are to mince and mix a quarter of a pound of suet, as much crumb of bread, a little parsley and thyme, an anchovy, some nutmeg, a little lemon-peel, and pepper and salt; these are to be bound together with two eggs, and the whole sewn in the body of the hare, which is then to be roasted before a hot fire and basted continuously the while with two quarts of milk and half-a-pound of butter! Then for sauce you are to mix a pint of cream with half-a-pound of butter by melting them in a saucepan, stirring till the sauce is thick, and pour it round the dish on which the hare is laid. This is all very curious, and I wish some of my readers would try it and let me know the result. Mrs. Glasse's recipes are often of a shuddering expensiveness; in the above the accessories would cost as much as the meat, and in the recipe for 'sago-pudding, for another instance, nine eggs are ordered to a quart of milk. This gives colour to the tale that, according to Boswell, was told to Johnson by a publisher of the time—that "Mrs. Glasse" was a Dr. Hill. Men are so extravagant!

Certainly some of the most successful cookery books have been written by doctors. Dr. Mayerne, the Court Physician to James I., included cookery recipes in his medical formulæ; and Sir Kenelm Digby, an eccentric but clever physician of the time of Charles II. (who invented "faith healing" in the shape of a "sympathetic powder" that cured all wounds, not by its application to them, but by being put on the weapon that caused the mischief!), wrote well on the noble art of maintaining health by decent diet—surely as important a matter as restoring it by drugs when forfeited. The most entertaining and one of the most exact and practical cookery books in the world is Dr. Kitchener's. The name is so suitable that it has been supposed to be assumed; but not at all; it was the good man's paternal inheritance. Buy his book if you hear of it at an old bookshop; it is as readable as a good novel, with its quaint advice and arrogance of individuality. Fashions change so much in food as in all else that it is useless to buy old cookery books except for the interest of knowing what has been done in the past. William the Conqueror's favourite dish was roast crane; swans, peacocks, and porpoises figure, with other extinct viands, in old recipes.

A VISIT TO TAFILET.

BY WALTER B. HARRIS, F.R.G.S.

III.—ACROSS THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS.

Emerging from the gates of Morocco City one obtains a magnificent view of the Atlas Mountains. There is nothing to break the foreground, which stretches away before one, except the long yellow walls of the Agidal Gardens, the enclosed park of the Sultan, overtopped with the foliage of the dense mass of olives and other trees which flourish within, a feathery palm here and there



A WOMAN OF DADS.

rearing its head far above the otherwise unbroken line of dull green. Palms, too, are to be seen in every direction, here growing in dense groves, here peeping above the "tabia" of walled gardens. But so large are the great open spaces which immediately surround the city, not unlike the desert outside Cairo, that the palm-groves are too far away to hide any of the magnificence of the truly grand range before one.

Rising almost abruptly from the level plain tier above tier of rocky peak and precipice, the mountains loom forth with the appearance of blocking altogether any further progress in that direction; while so high above it all glistens the long line of snow that one almost doubts of attempting a passage that seems destined to be futile.

After camping for the night at a small "nzala" of thatch huts, about two hours' ride from the city, next morning brought us to the foot of the mountains themselves, at the opening in the foot-hills, where the Wad Misfiwa, a clear mountain torrent, issues to the plains of the Tensift at a spot called Iminzat. Here there is a village of the Berbers, with the small square yellow "tabia" houses, with their overhanging roofs built one above another on the hill-side, the whole place half hidden in groves of olive-trees. It was easy to see that we had left far behind us the Arabs of the plains, for in appearance, dress, and manner of habitation we could clearly perceive that we were among a people entirely different. From the south of Morocco and to the east the

able to earn, living in a country where agriculture is almost impossible, and gaining a livelihood for the most part by bringing in charcoal and wood to the markets of the city of Morocco. But at Iminzat, so near is it to the plains, there seems to be a somewhat better condition of affairs. Olive-trees flourish, and the green-terraced fields on either bank of the river speak of crops, however poor they may be. Crossing the swift stream, by no means an easy or comfortable process, for one of our donkeys was washed off its poor little legs and nearly drowned, we proceeded up the east bank of the river, arriving near sunset at a small thatch village, where we found only the Berber language, Shelha, was spoken. However, no less than three of the natives who accompanied me were fluent in the tongue, and, although settled down now to town life, were Berbers by birth, still retaining their pride in being so. A few words must be added as to our little caravan. First, it was honoured with the presence of a Shereef, on his way to Dads, with his son and nephew, both fine young fellows. This Shereef, by an arrangement satisfactory to all parties, had under-conducted me Dads, his situated from Tafi-thence to escort, or events a Tafi-let, my tion. With-saintly this nice my jour-have been sibility. It suspicion identity;



YOUNG JEW OF DADS.

believe for one moment suspicion was ever rife. In addition to the Shereef and his son and nephew, he had with him a black slave-girl of peculiar ugliness, but with an amusing sportive manner, and full of fun and audacity. The child was the daughter, I believe, of two of his slaves, and had been brought up to consider herself a very important personage; and the old man seemed considerably under her influence, which I must say kept us in good humour. She was perhaps twelve or thirteen years of age. The rest of our caravan consisted of a minor Shereef, a pleasant little fellow from the Sahara, a devotee of the brotherhood of Sidi Ali el Derkaoui, whose string of big wooden beads round his neck and green turban on his head bespoke his devout calling. The other two members of the party were myself, disguised in an old and ragged "jelab," and my Riffi servant, Mohammed, as strong as a mule, and willing to turn his hand to anything. So we were a merry little party in all, sharing the hardships of the journey in a small tent, and laughing at all our mishaps—except the old man, who had a bad habit of getting up at all hours of

taken to in safety to native soil, five days let, and find me an at all guide, to destina-out the presence of old man ney would an impos-allayed all as to my not that I

the same, I was able to add nearly a couple of hundred miles of mapping of new country to his far more important explorations.

Leaving the small Berber village at which we had camped before sunrise the next morning, we struck across the foot-hills that divide the valleys of the Wad Misfiwa and the Wad Ghadat through the district of Tugana. The road is good, and, though we ascended and descended no inconsiderable heights, it presented at no point any material difficulties.

Reaching the Wad Ghadat at the ruins of a handsome bridge, which bears signs of never having been completed, we forded the river three times, so steep are its



INSIDE THE VILLAGE OF DADS.

banks, and owing to a late rainstorm found the task not very easy. However, fortunately, with the exception of one or two of our men getting a ducking in leading the mules across, no mishap befell us, and it was with no little pleasure that I found that our scanty baggage had scarcely got wet at all. The valley of the Ghadat is a picturesque one. At this spot red earth-hills rise high above each bank, clothed in pine and evergreen oak, while as one looks up the valley a few of the high snow-peaks beyond are visible, towering above the no mean altitudes of the nearer mountains. But as one proceeds,

climbing along the tortuous path cut high above the river on its east bank, the scenery increases in grandeur. Here the mountains slope down to the stony river-bed, clothed in verdure, here torn into rocky crags and precipices. Again, where the slopes allow, the Berbers have built their villages, hanging to the hills like the nest of the swallow to a wall, while the surrounding acre or two is green with carefully raised terraces of turnips and walnut-trees, almost the sole products of this part of the country. The farther one proceeds the better the view obtained, for as one ascends, the whole central range of the Atlas looms up in front, great bare limestone peaks, capped and fretted with snow. The clear air and warm sunlight made travelling delightful, and now and again one or other of our little party would burst into song.

Finding a shady spot by a splashing stream, we stopped for an hour's rest, for the steepness of the path was a trial to our mules, and a

minute or two later a fire was burning and the kettle boiling, while my Riffi unpacked that most necessary of all luggage to the Moors, a brass tea-tray and the tiny china cups. There, under the shade of a walnut-tree, still full of verdure, with a view such as Switzerland could scarcely offer, we drank our sweet mint-flavoured tea in peace and happiness.

Then on again, until crossing a spur of a high mountain by an execrably stony track, we saw our night's



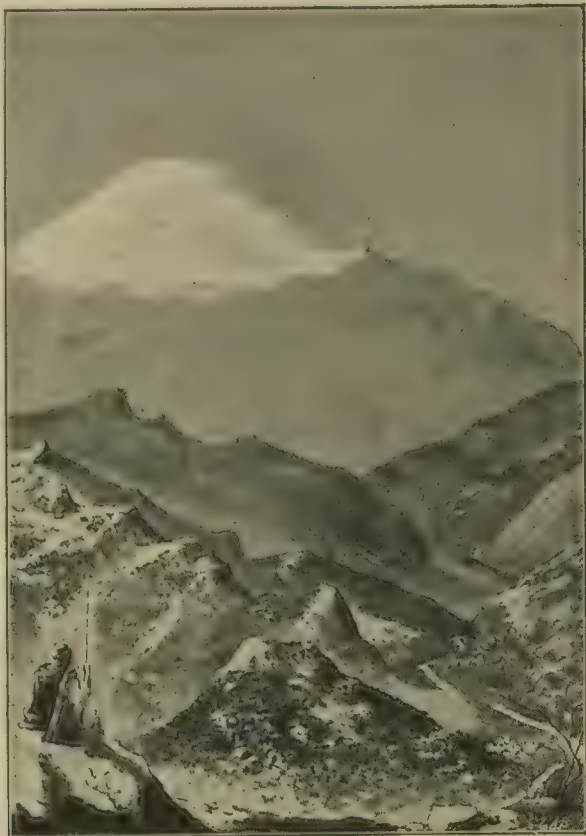
THE VILLAGE OF DADS.

the night, and lighting a couple of candles, and saying his prayers in a voice that must have been audible for miles round. I rather think he took to this voluminous praying partly on my account, that he might obtain pardon for his sin in taking a disguised infidel into a part of the country only once, so far as we know, visited by an infidel before; for De Foucauld, the French explorer, is probably the only European who ever saw Dads and much of the country I visited. Happily, our roads not being

resting-place, Zarkten, lying far below us on the river's banks; the curious fort-like residence of the Sheikh, with its four corner towers, adding a novel feature to the scene, which was as lovely and grand a one as could well be imagined. But fate was against us, and we found the river between us and the Sheikh's house, where we had hoped to have spent a pleasant night, too flooded to cross, and we were obliged, accordingly, to erect our solitary tent near some mud hovels, high above the east bank of the river. The inhabitants of this little village were as poor as the proverbial church mouse, and it was with difficulty that we obtained a scraggy chicken and some turnips for our supper, which, after all, is small feed for seven people, hungry after a long day's march. However, we made the best of it, though the paucity of the supper was very apparent, while the pangs of hunger were by no means allayed by a frosty night.

With no little difficulty we crossed the river the following morning, and, passing near the Sheikh's house, continued our road, which, after an ascent of over a thousand feet, became tolerably level, passing along the summit of high hills, from which glorious views of the surrounding peaks were obtainable. Pine, juniper, and the "Arrar"—*Calitris*—grow in great quantities around us, and added not a little to the charm of the scene. Here an adventure befell us. The road was at this part, as nearly always, only a mere track, and in trying to pass in front of one of the mules my donkey received a push and disappeared over the precipice. Fortunately I was not riding at the moment—in fact, riding is almost impossible on these mountain-paths. Looking over we could see the poor little beast some

After a while the road descended by a steep slope at the little village of Gurgar, called after its walnut-trees, and a favourite name in the Atlas. We ascended to the east bank of the river, which is here little more than a roaring



A VIEW FROM ABOVE ZARKTEN.

mountain stream. Then as our climb became steeper we realised that we were ascending to the desolate heights of a great mountain range. Little by little the vegetation disappeared, giving place to bare limestone rock and precipices, dismal and forbidding in the extreme. On a plateau on which the natives had managed to scrape an acre or two of cultivated land we camped. The village, if such it can be called, consisted of a few rude stone hovels, in which poverty seemed to reign supreme. But the kindly Berbers cooked us a little supper of turnips and maize, to which we were able to add the only food we could procure, and a poor enough repast it was. A cold wind blew from the snowy heights above, and we were glad enough to crowd together in our tent for warmth, our little party being joined by a few of the villagers, quiet, hardy fellows, ill-clothed, but apparently impervious to the cold, which was intense—several degrees of frost. We were off early, and to keep warm, as well as to save our animals, we scrambled on foot up the remainder of the pass. Only one village lies anywhere near the summit, on the north side, Tetsula by name, sheltered from the south by high rocks, and boasting a few terraces of cultivation, but under snow all the winter. A thousand feet or so above Tetsula we reached the summit, and stood upon a narrow ledge of rock joining two mountains. This point is only some twenty to thirty feet in width, and we looked straight down the range to right and left. Dreary and gloomy the scene was, in spite of the warm autumn sun, for the valley to the north was almost hidden by the great bare peaks, the only relief to the monotonous colouring of which was the glistening snow. To the south, our eyes wandered far over range after range of undulating hills, the farthest away being the slopes of Jibel Saghrour, or the Anti-Atlas, which, however, from this point scarcely seem to rise above the elevation of the plain which lies between them and the Great Atlas, part of the basin of the Wad Draa. More immediately below us, over a thousand feet

away, lay the plain of Télet, burned and dried up by the heat of the past summer. Here and there on this mountain-locked plain the flat-topped villages of the Berbers appeared as dreary-looking as the scene before us. In this valley, for such it really is, resides the governor of the district, the Kaid of Glawa; but his large "kasbah," which I visited on my return journey, is not visible from the summit of the pass. He is an influential governor, and holds jurisdiction over a large area of country, though at most times one or more of his tribes is in revolt. Being further removed from the seat of government than most of the influential Kaid—rather, being placed in a more inaccessible position than they—he is left more alone to carry out his own will amongst the people, and is a veritable Sultan in these mountain fastnesses.

We rested for a time to regain our breath on the top of the pass and to allow our baggage animals, patiently toiling up the steep rocky path, to catch us up; for, all anxiety to reach the summit, the younger men of our party and myself had scrambled up in advance of the rest. In spite of a cold wind from the snow-peaks to the west, the sun was warm enough, and we stretched ourselves out in the shelter of a large rock and looked on the scene before us. In front of us was unknown country, for the kasbah in the valley below was the farthest point reached in this direction by Joseph Thomson, and a few miles farther, Tiourassin, was where the Baron de Foucauld turned off from the road I followed, and pursued his journey to the south, to the valley of the Wad Idermi and Wad Draa. I had reached



THE SHEIKH'S HOUSE AT ZARKTEN.

twenty yards below, his feet pointing to the sky, fixed as in a vice in the strong boughs of a tree. At once unloading the other animals we joined the ropes by which the baggage was packed to their backs, and letting one of the men down, he cut away the pack-saddle of the donkey, which we hauled to the road, letting the rope down again. Meanwhile the man had tied all the four legs of the donkey together with a yard or two of spare cord, to which he made our long rope fast; then, harnessing a mule to the top end, one and all of us—the black slave-girl included—lending a hand, we hauled our donkey up again by the same way in which he had gone down—that is to say, through the air. Safely arrived on the road, we cut him loose, and to our joy found he had received no injuries beyond a scratch or two, having been protected when he alighted, back downwards, caught in the branches of the tree by his pack-saddle. The donkey having found his legs again and kicked furiously once or twice to satisfy his perturbed mind that no bones were broken, we lowered the rope once more and raised our little Shereef out of his aerial perch; then, loading our donkey again, we set off on our road, the slave-girl in fits of laughter over our adventure, which she had enjoyed thoroughly.



THE KAID OF GLAWA'S RESIDENCE.



FORDING THE WAD GHADAT.

the summit of the Atlas! Our steep mountain-climbing for a time was at an end, and the highest point of our journey reached—an altitude of 8150 ft. above the sea-level. Thenceforward we were gradually to descend, after the steep climb immediately below reached the lower altitude of some 2800 ft. at Tafilet itself. There was some satisfaction in having got so far, and from the extremely casual way in which my presence had been treated by the natives I began to feel more confident of my disguise, and the fact that the Berbers did not, as the Arabs love to do, bother one with a thousand questions as to one's individuality, was reassuring. The peep, too, of the country before me, stretching away range beyond range of undulating hills, until the whole ended in haze on the horizon, was an exciting view. To me, as it must be to many, there is no thought more exciting and exhilarating than the fact that one is entering unknown country, and as we lay resting on the summit of the Atlas Mountains I was all impatient to be up and off. Nor did we wait long, for half an hour later found us on our way down the steep mountain-track, descending the southern slopes of the mighty range.

(To be continued.)

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New Double Heart and Ribbon Bar Brooch, containing 31 Brilliants and 1 Pearl. Stones set transparent, £5 15s.

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THE MASSACRE OF MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.

The shocking news that has just reached us of the attack on Aug. 1 by a Chinese native mob, animated with fanatical hatred of foreigners, upon one of the stations of the Church Missionary Society, and of the murder of the Rev. R. W. Stewart, his wife and children, and several English ladies belonging to the Mission, who were slaughtered while sleeping in their beds at night, will have caused

Chinese seas would speedily overawe any tumultuous faction in that town. The prudence of maintaining detached and isolated missionary stations at places far from the sea-coast and from the great navigable rivers of China has often been questioned. In this province of Fu-kien there are many such establishments, belonging as well to the American Methodists as to the Church of England, situated to the north, to the west, and to the south of Foo-chow, and towards Ku-cheng, four days' journey from each other. One of the American

boat sixty-seven miles. From Tientsin to Peking is eighty miles, and the river may be utilised by light boats to Tungchow, which is thirteen miles from Peking. Steamers with passengers and goods run between Shanghai and Tientsin, and an English gun-boat is generally stationed at the latter place, which is one of the treaty ports of China. The windings of the river between Taku and Tientsin, it will be noticed, are so great that they nearly double the distance for vessels, but some of the turns are so sharp that steamers have difficulty in getting round them. A notable one is known to the sailors as the "Everlasting Bend": according to Jack's account, "the bow of the vessel has to be run into the middle of a field to get her round"; it need scarcely be stated that the words are not quite accurate—but there is often considerable difficulty before that particular turning is passed.

Defeated Parliamentary candidates are giving in the newspapers all sorts of reasons to account for their reverses. No one seems to have mentioned that the Liberal party was without the very skilful tactics of Mr. Schnadhorst, whose absence from the field was a formidable loss to his side.

There has been much discussion as to whether Mr. George Harwood, the Liberal member for Bolton, is entitled to take his seat. It appears that he acted as a "lay curate"—if such a term is permissible—under the late Bishop of Manchester some years ago. If Mr. Harwood had not taken advantage of the Act by which a clergyman can divest himself of his office, as he has done, he would have acted illegally by sitting in Parliament. There are two or three cases—notably those of Sir William T. Marriott, Q.C., and the Right Hon. A. H. Dyke-Acland, M.P.—in which ex-clerics have thus entered the House of Commons. Of course there is also the case of Mr. J. R. Diggle, formerly Chairman of the School Board for London, who freed himself from the limitations imposed on him as regards public life by availing himself of the Act in question.

The wide circle of friends of Mr. W. B. Richmond, the recently elected Royal Academician, will hear with regret of the death of his fourth son, John Sebastian Richmond, which occurred on Aug. 5. He was only nineteen years of age, and passed away at an hotel in Paris. Mr. Richmond had left London in order to be with his son, and the sad event has quite overshadowed the many congratulations he had received on his new honour. Everyone who has the pleasure of his acquaintance will sincerely condole with Mr. Richmond.

However uncertain may be the harvest, the shaver knows that Kropps are sure to be good! Long experience has, indeed, taught one that the Kropp razor is far more reliable than the weather, and adds, literally, "a keen edge" to the pleasures of shaving. As fit accompaniment to the famous razors, one may add a duplex strop, which is a combination of specially prepared russia leather and canvas. "Strop" rhymes with "Kropp," and in like fashion they should always go together.



THE RIVER PEIHO BETWEEN TAKU AND TIENSIN.

painful anxiety to many who have friends resident in China. It may be well, therefore, to remind some of our readers that the locality of this dreadful occurrence is distant four or five hundred miles from Shanghai, to the north, and from Canton, to the south-west, being situated in the province of Fu-kien, and seventy miles from the treaty port of Foo-chow; and, whatever danger there may be of similar outbreaks of popular fury at the present crisis, they are likely to be confined to the interior districts, remote from the principal European commercial settlements. Foo-chow itself is a large city, with about six hundred thousand inhabitants, and with an amount of trade only second in that province to Amoy; but our countrymen living there for mercantile business, under the protection of the British Consul, Mr. R. W. Mansfield, can safely rely upon being defended from molestation, and gun-boats or ships of war from the British naval squadron in the

missionary stations, at Yung-fuh, is stated to have been attacked and destroyed, but the occupants escaped without loss of life.

THE PEIHO BETWEEN TAKU AND TIENSIN.

As the Peiho is the direct route from the sea to Peking, that river is of some political importance. In the winter it is frozen over, but the ice generally breaks up early in March. The name Peiho means simply "North River." There is a bar at the mouth of the river, which at some seasons will only allow of a vessel drawing about seven feet of water to cross; in the spring there is more depth, and craft drawing nearly double of the above can pass. From Taku to Tientsin is in a direct line forty miles, but owing to the windings of the river it is by

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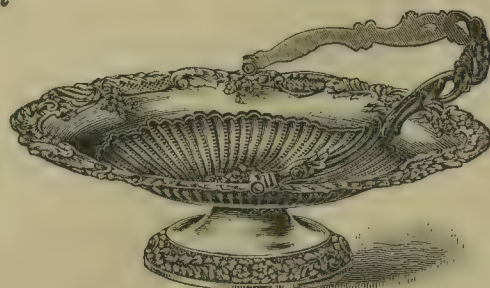
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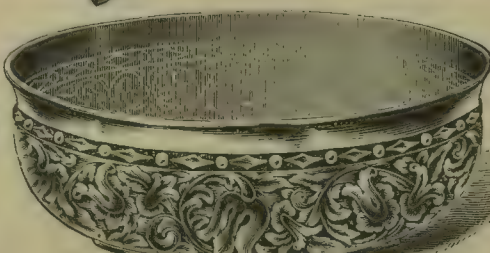
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 10, 1894) of Mr. John Smith, of 62, Belsize Park, South Hampstead, who died on June 1, was proved on July 10 by Thomas Smith, the son, Mrs. Harriet Tien, the daughter, and Colonel Henry Stevenson Clarke, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £186,915. The testator leaves £1000, all his copyhold property, all moneys secured to him by mortgages of freehold, copyhold, and leasehold properties, and various freehold properties at High Street, Chipping Barnet, Barnet Common, South Mimms and Hadley, to his son Thomas Smith; some freehold property at Rowley Green, Shenley, to his said son for life, then to his granddaughter, Alice Trevitt, for life, and then to her children as she shall appoint; the residue of his real estate, upon trust, for his daughter Harriet Tien for life, then as to part upon further trusts for his granddaughter Ellen Mary Tien, and as to the other for his granddaughter Minnie Antoinette Tien; £500 to his said daughter; £550 each to his granddaughters Ellen Mary and Minnie Antoinette Tien; £150 to his executor Colonel H. S. Clarke; and £200 to his coachman Thomas Godfrey, if in his service at his death. He directs the residue of his property to be divided into two moieties, one of which he gives to his son Thomas, and the other to his daughter Mrs. Tien.

The will (dated March 11, 1892), with a codicil (dated April 11, 1895), of Mr. William List, J.P., of Clarendon House, Willesden Lane, and Margate, who died on May 28, was proved on July 24 by Arthur List, the son, George Buchanan Ryley, William Sharpus Cullum, and John Stephens Donne, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £70,594. The testator bequeaths £100 each to Cheshunt College, the Orphan Working School, Haverstock Hill, the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney, and the Asylum for Idiots, Earlwood; and many pecuniary and specific legacies to his wife, children, employés, servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves upon trust for all his children in equal shares; the share of his deceased son William Bournes to be held upon further trust for his widow and children.

The will and codicil (both dated Dec. 21, 1892) of General Henry Price, Baron de Teissier, a Baron of France, Colonel-Commandant R.A., late Bengal Horse Artillery,

of Fetcham Grove, Leatherhead, Surrey, and of Bourne House, East Woodhay, in the county of Southampton, who died on May 27, were proved on July 27, by Captain Henry, Baron de Teissier, the son, and Gerald Beresford Fitzgerald, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £31,997. The testator bequeaths £500 each to his three daughters, Henrietta Shirley de Teissier, Mary Tragett de Teissier, and Rose Austen; £7500 each, upon trust, for his said three daughters; £100 each to his godson, Frederick George Alexander Lane, and his executor, Mr. G. B. Fitzgerald; and there are specific bequests of plate, furniture, pictures, etc., to children. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his said son.

The will (dated Nov. 18, 1882) of Mr. George Himus of 4, New Coventry Street, and of Fairholme, New Malden, Surrey, who died on June 12, was proved on July 23 by Mrs. Jessy Himus, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £20,906. The testator bequeaths £100 and all the furniture and effects, horses and carriages at his dwelling-house to his wife; and £800 per annum to her during widowhood, and £400 per annum in the event of her marrying again. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his four children, Jessy Leslie, George William Himus, Walter Himus, and Herbert Himus, in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 6, 1882), with a codicil (dated Nov. 22 following) of Mr. Joseph Mayott, formerly of Mountnessing, Brentwood, Essex, and late of Springcroft, Park Road, Beckenham, who died on March 9, has been proved by Matthew Warton Johnson, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £19,433. The testator bequeaths £1000 to Harriet Matilda Baker; and £100 to his housekeeper, Mary Wither. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one third to each of his three nieces, Jessie Johnson, Helen Bowers, and Emily Skipper Johnson.

The will (dated May 18, 1894), with a codicil (dated May 2, 1895), of Major Frederick Montgomery Gordon Hutchinson, formerly of the Royal Lancaster Regiment, of 46, Prince's Gate, who died on May 11 at Aberdovey, was proved on July 16 by Miss Amy Hamilton Hutchinson, the sister, and Horatio Gordon Hutchinson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £16,606.

The testator bequeaths £1200 and all his furniture, plate, pictures, books, curiosities, and effects to his said sister. As to the residue of his personal estate and all his real estate, he leaves one moiety upon trust for Ivy Hutchinson, and the other moiety upon trust for Constance Boyes.

The will of Mrs. Maria Anne Stevens, of Lancaster House, Compton Avenue, Brighton, who died on June 2, was proved on June 21 by Norman Spencer Perceval and Edwin Richardson Goolden, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £11,713.

The will of Mr. St. Lawrence Robert Morgan Tighe, D.L., of Ashgrove, Ruabon, Denbighshire, who died in April last at San Remo, was proved on July 20 by the Hon. Laura Jane Tighe, the widow and one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5041.

The Irish probate, sealed at Dublin, of the will (dated June 14, 1892) of Mr. Claude Hume Campbell Guinness, of Knockaroon House, Castlenock, in the county of Dublin, who died on April 18 at Chiswick House, Chiswick, granted to Mrs. Zoe Virginie Guinness, the widow, Lord Iveagh, and the Rev. Beauchamp Kerr Pearse, the executors, was resealed in London on July 24, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to £4660. The testator bequeaths the jewellery belonging to her late mother and some other articles to his daughter, Marjorie Gladys; and all other his furniture and effects and £1000 to his wife. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one moiety, upon trust, for his wife for life while she remains unmarried, and then for his children by her as she shall, while unmarried, appoint; and the other moiety, upon trust, for his daughter, Marjorie Gladys.

There is still a rumour that the Austrian Emperor is about to visit London incognito. It would be Emperor Francis Joseph's first visit, so it seems hardly probable that such an occasion would be so informal. This country would be prepared to welcome the veteran sovereign as warmly as it has more than once greeted his royal consort in previous years when she enjoyed the hunting season in our midland counties.

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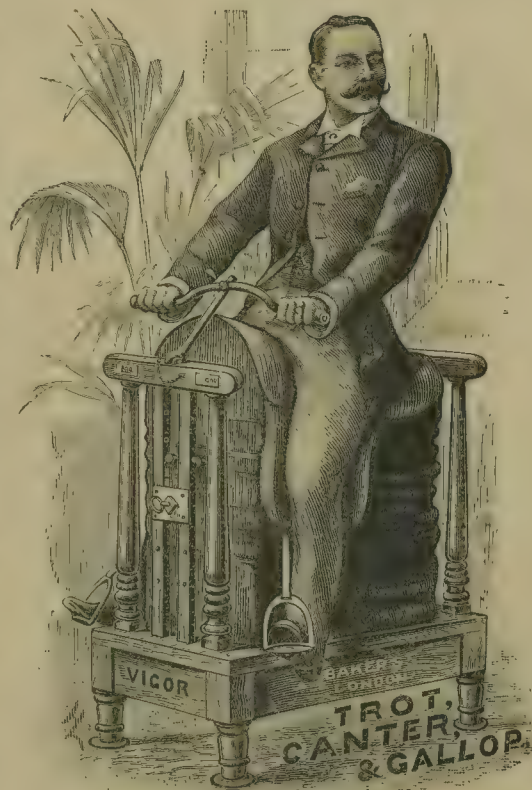
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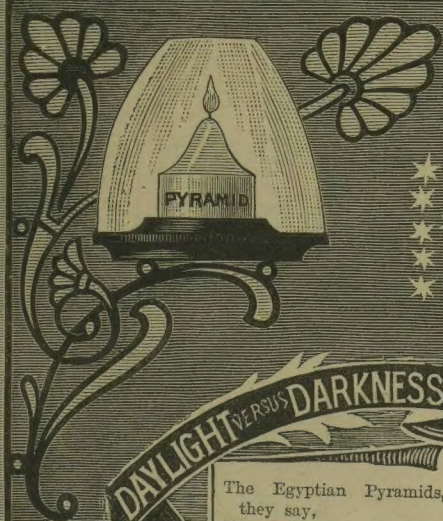
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Were built to show the Stars
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LIGHTS so shine at night,
They keep e'en Burglars
well in sight.
Nights dark and drear—we
no longer fear,
CLARKE'S "PYRAMID"
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clear—as Daylight.

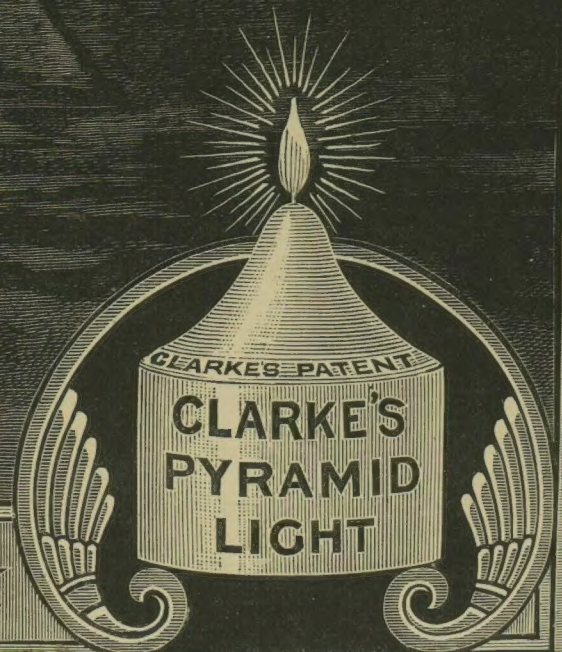
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CLARKE'S PYRAMID NIGHT LIGHTS

When nights are dark,
Then think of Clarke,
Who's hit the mark pre-
cisely,
For his night lights
Create light nights,
In which you see quite
nicely.

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NIGHT
LIGHTS



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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

A meeting of assistant curates is to be arranged at Norwich during the week of the Church Congress in October next, at which it will be proposed to inaugurate a "Curates' Union."

The Hon. Mrs. MacLagan, wife of the Archbishop of York, has been addressing the Ripon Girls' Club. She urged her hearers to dress in accordance with their station in life. If girls only knew how much nicer they looked when dressed in a suitable manner, we should not so often find them dressing in an unsuitable manner. It was one of the things that saddened the heart of Church workers in large towns to see factory girls, general servants, and people who had scarcely any money to spend, saving up by denying themselves necessary food, in order to spend their money on some tawdry dress or gay feather, going about the streets in a most unsuitable manner, the result being that they were led into temptation and sometimes absolute ruin.

It appears that Cardinal Manning at one time had his eye upon Farnham Castle. It was preserved to the English Church through the great munificence of the late Bishop Thorold, who was cordially supported by his daughters in his large expenditure on the place, although they knew it could only be their home for a few years. The bishop built a new gallery connecting certain bed-rooms, and greatly improved them; he warmed the castle throughout with hot water, lighted it throughout with gas, and fitted up fire extinguishing apparatus and electric bells. Unseemly attics were converted into excellent sleeping-rooms, gardens laid out and planted, fruit-trees and vegetables arranged for, roofs repaired and retiled, and all the needful restorative works to the great building carried out. The entire house has been furnished with judgment and with excellent taste, and the greater part of

the furniture has been bequeathed to the Bishop's successor in the see.

A friend of Bishop Thorold says that when he entered on his duties in the Winchester diocese, he made a point of answering the first letters of individual clergymen with his own hand. To his chaplain, offering to relieve him of an overwhelming correspondence, he said, "They will like to have a line from their own Bishop."

Chancellor Lias, of East Bergholt, will be glad to receive the names of any who would co-operate in a well-conceived scheme for Church reform. "Affairs looked very promising in this direction in 1885, but the sudden introduction of Home Rule diverted men's minds. I believe this to be the best possible time for starting afresh."

Bishop Wordsworth, of Salisbury, urges the creation of a first-class missionary college at one of the Universities. He is certain that it will have to be established sooner or later, and it would be at much greater cost in the future than if done now. He is anxious before he dies to do something to help it forward.

The death is announced of Canon Smith, of Demerara. He has laboured there for long, having spent well-nigh forty years in the tropics. Some of the clergy and laity were anxious that he should be the next occupant of the episcopal throne of Guiana.

Dean Farrar has been most cordially welcomed at Canterbury.

The Bishop of Cashel is reported to have said in a recent charge "that as an infant is incapable of the exercise of faith and repentance so spiritual grace is imparted in infant baptism."

The proceedings at the Wesleyan Conference have been interesting and, on the whole, harmonious. The Conference

has decided against the admission of women and in favour of a cautious extension and modification of the system of itinerancy. Large sums were raised to extricate the foreign mission scheme from debt, and there are signs that the difference of opinion on the methods of missions which recently hindered the progress is disappearing.

The death is announced of Dr. Arthur Brooks, brother of the late Bishop Phillips Brooks. Like his brother, Dr. Brooks was greatly respected, and he will be much missed in America. He was, I believe, engaged in writing a life of his brother, and it is hoped that this work will be successfully carried through.

The holiday programme of the Midland Railway Company for the summer is wonderfully varied. The Scotch arrangements include first and third class dining carriages by both morning and afternoon trains. Through carriages run to Greenock in connection with the steam-boats which thread the Firth of Clyde. A special daylight service to Rothesay is also in force, by which messengers can leave London (St. Pancras) at 10.30 in the morning, and arrive at Greenock shortly after eight in the evening, in time to join the steamer sailing thence. To those who do not wish to leave England a varied choice of resorts is offered, including the Isle of Man and the English Lake District, the Peak of Derbyshire, Southport, Blackpool, Ilkley, Harrogate, Morecambe, and other districts.

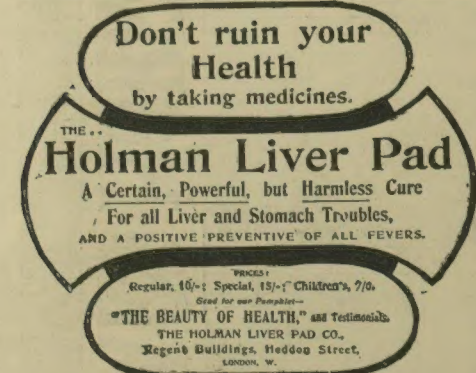
There is still a doubt whether Sir Edward Clarke, Q.C., M.P., will be the Solicitor-General. At the present time, Sir Frank Lockwood is still the holder of the office pending some appointment by Lord Salisbury. Sir Edward has shown signs recently of weariness of politics, in which, however, he has greatly distinguished himself.

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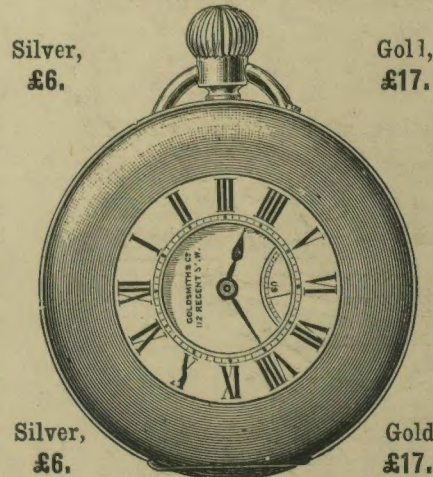
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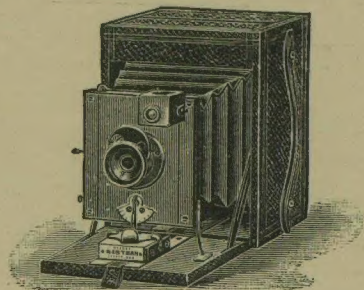
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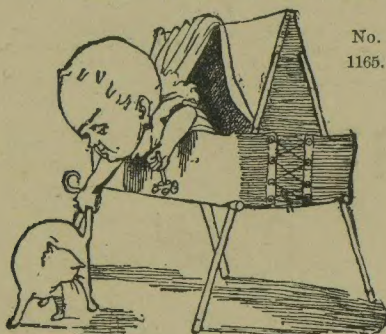
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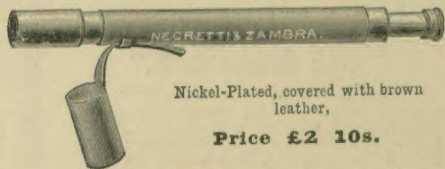
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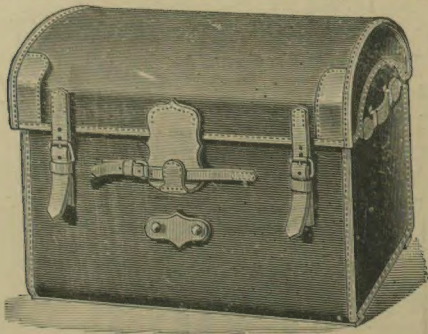
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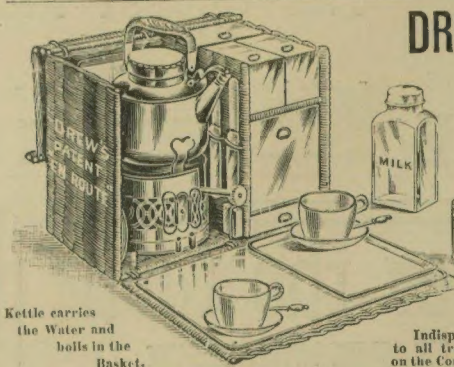
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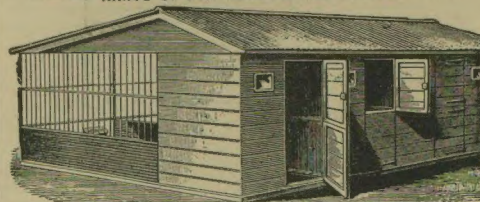
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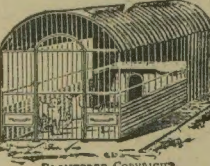
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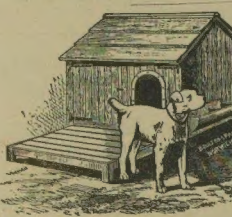


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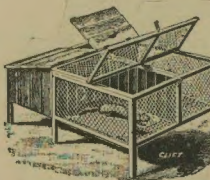
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